nemo

the classic comics library

Number 13 July, 1985 $3.50 ($4.65 in Canada)

MAJOR HOOPLE: Boarding House Days and Arabian Nights

THE GENIUS OF TAD
Thomas A. Dorgan Remembered By His Friends

THE VIOLENT WORLD OF RED BARRY

A Rare 1930s Detective Classic
—A Complete Story in This Issue!—

nemo contents

No. 13
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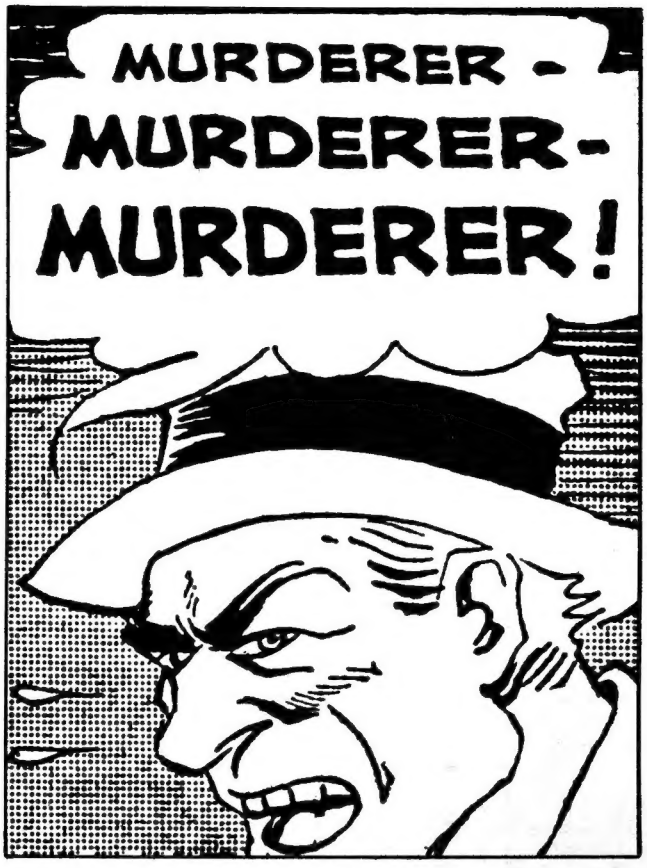

ABOVE: Will Gould's *Red Barry*. BELOW: The astonishing TAD.

SAY NOSEY - SAY DO YOU SMELL ANYTHING DEAD AROUND HERE?
SNIFF - SNIFF - NO
I WANT FREE LIFE AND I WANT FRESH AIR
WELL THEN THERE'S NOTHING DEAD

Cover illustration by WILL GOULD. Colored by Tom Mason. Separations by Mark Thompson.

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Will Gould's *Red Barry* was conceived as King Features answer to *Dick Tracy*. . . and a quality, compelling, dramatic, violent answer it was. It has also been unjustly neglected by history. Here, edited from a forthcoming *NEMO Bookshelf* collection of *Red Barry* episodes, is a classic mystery sequence from the 1930s.

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BACK ISSUES

1 Premiere issue! Featuring a vintage *Terry and the Pirates* sequence, revelations on George Herriman's early career, Cliff Sterrett, Dik Browne interviewed, more!

2 Exclusive material on *Superman*, including the original Siegel/Shuster fanzine version. Also: *Terry* continued, Fred Harman, and Art Young.

5 Big interview with Mort Walker. Also, *The Explorigator*, Franklin Booth, *The Bungle Family*, and the Allen Saunders autobiography.

6 An interview with Floyd Gottfredson, a clutch of classic *Alley Oop* pages, S.J. Perelman's cartoons, J.H. Donahey, plus the Saunders bio continues.

7 Special Carl Barks issue, with six pages of full-color Barks work! Also, an interview with the Duck Man; rare animation art; Clare Briggs, *Smilin' Jack*, more.

8 All-*Little Orphan Annie* issue, including a complete reprint of a 1929 tale, an analysis of the series, and a biography of Harold Gray. Full-color cover by Gray.

9 Hal Foster interviewed, with a rare full-color Foster cover. Also, Joe Barbera of Hanna-Barbera interviewed, George McManus's *Nibsy the Newsboy*, and more.

10 Christmas issue, with a portfolio of cartoonists' Christmas cards. Also, Gustave Verbeek's *Upside-Downs*, Mell Lazarus interviewed, Ray Ewer, and *Mutt and Jeff*.

11 *Sam's Strip* premieres; "Dwig's" cartoons; giant Charles Dana Gibson portfolio; James Montgomery Flagg remembered; and the forgotten antics of *Slim Jim*.

12 The cartoonists who fought World War II; Frank King's most fantastic strip; Jack Williamson and Lee Elias's *Beyond Mars* sf strip; and penwoman Rose O'Neill.

annual 1 Giant 11" x 17" Screwball Comics issue, with features on (and portfolios of) Gross, Dr. Seuss, *Smokey Stover*, and more!

NEXT ISSUE

The Incredible Decorative Art of George McManus: To comics fans throughout the years, George McManus was many things to many people—the creator of a multitude of strips, a humorous writer of great native talent, a meticulous craftsman. But at all times he infused his creations with a superb decorative touch. His backgrounds, designs, and motifs were all playgrounds for his pen as amazing art-deco creations emerged. McManus fashioned huge panoramas and stunning color conceits—all icing on the cake, as it were, of his classic strips like *Bringing Up Father*. *NEMO* #14 focuses on this astounding visual work with a generous portfolio . . . and a breathtaking color cover from the 1920s.

Also: The Slapstick Hilarity of Moon Mullins: One of the funniest strips in comics history was Frank Willard's *Moon Mullins*. With a cast of pretentious oafs and lowbrow louts that rival any of Dickens's players, this strip stands as a classic of humorous situations and colorful characterization. Donald Phelps introduces the distinguised cast and provides brilliant insight into the genius of creator Frank Willard. Featured are a large group of hilarious Sunday pages from the golden years of the strip.

Also: Seen by many as the pioneer adventure strip, *Hairbreadth Harry*, by C.W. Kahles, is a notable amalgam of thrills, satire, continuity, parody, and humor. Mark Johnson recalls Kahles's most important work, and introduces Part I (To Be Continued! Don't Miss a Single Moment!) of a surprising science-fiction episode from the 1920s. And . . . *Sam's Strip* continues to resurrect more of the characters of yesteryear riding in from the sunset!

All in the next unforgettable issue of *NEMO*, guest edited by Art Deco!

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Editorial

LETTERS, WE GET LETTERS

There has been a minor debate raging (well, swirling, zephyr-like, at least) since the inception of *NEMO* over the matter of a letters page. In my crafty manner I tested the waters in an early editorial, and majority opinion asked for our precious space to be devoted to strips exclusively, and it was an opinion to which I subscribed.

I have just cancelled my subscription. Actually it was a good policy in our early days, since most of the letters were adulatory and congratulatory, that we indeed reserve *NEMO*'s pages for reprints and essays and interviews. But recently our letters have been more of a critical nature—offering considered opinions, and, especially, presenting historical data that complements recent articles—so I believe there is now a compelling reason, and a desirable accommodation with scholarship, to inaugurate a letters section. This we will do in an early number.

This announcement is not, however, a harbinger of columns glutted with gosh-wow, nostalgia-soaked correspondence. (Besides, harbinger season closed last week.) *NEMO* will select thoughtful and contributory notes in letters—of annotation, disagreement, requests, and anecdota. There is fascinating material that can be contributed to a magazine like *NEMO*, but a full-fledged article is not always appropriate to the material at hand or a correspondent's inclinations.

I trust this will not crowd out the old strips, but rather enrich them. Start those cards and letters coming.

LOVING TWO WELL

One immediate spate of correspondence I *do* solicit, however (better spate than never) is reaction to our summertime transformation to a monthly. *NEMO*, like a slimy chrysalis slug in a cocoon (I never was too good at metaphors or even apt similes) has emerged as a brilliant, attractive, precious being, now here, now there, touching everyone's life with beauty and comic strips. (There. That's better.)

Actually, the monthly move was originally conceived by Publisher Gary G. Groth as a means of compensating for Fantagraphics' schedule-disrupting move to California. But reader reaction has heretofore suggested that there is interest in a more frequent periodicity, whatever that is.

So here we are, and you may also notice an adjustment I have made in editorial focus as we rounded out *NEMO*'s first volume.

In the beginning I moved heaven and earth to fit as much varied material as possible in each issue of *NEMO*. This made me proud of the variety we presented but soon made me concerned that the material was being truncated. For instance, a "Penman of the Past," selected as a master cartoonist, given a full biography, should really have been accorded more than six pages and a handful of illustrations. It's their only shot, folks. And if we highlight a great old strip, *NEMO* should really give a juicy slice of it, not just a teasing portion. Before overstating my case, I don't think we ever really gave any classic comic short shrift, but henceforth you may anticipate longer shrifts. Or at least longer reprint runs, fuller portfolios, richer treatments, and, when possible, larger art reproductions.

GOING, GOING . . .

Another note, one that has come this way just about at the time of this writing. I have been contacted by one of New York City's newest and most prestigious auction houses, about their intention to mount the largest auction of comic strips, cartoons, and illustrations in history.

This is great news for all of us, largely because of the way Guernsey's does business. They specialize in popular culture and folk art, and they make unique events out of their auctions; when they handled the entire contents of the S.S. *United States*, for instance, and the significant Circus World Museum, there were receptions, lectures, tours, and the most complete catalogues ever issued.

Similarly, Guernsey's intends to make their comics auction a week-long series of lectures and receptions for the professionals, fans, and connoisseurs alike. The catalogue is intended to be a virtual reference book for comics historians. And needless, perhaps, to say, Guernsey's is deteremined to uncover the very rarest and most desirable pieces of comic art—originals, tearsheets, cartoons, animation art, and illustration, I'm told.

The best piece of news, I think, for comics fans and historians, is another aspect of Guernsey's operation, which is an aggressive commitment to publicity. In the past they have spent in excess of $100,000 each on promoting their auctions, with newspaper ads, magazine notices, feature articles, and appearances by experts in the particular fields on network television. The implications for those of us anxious to see comics gain more exposure and respectability are clear.

An event like this can go far amongst the circles traditionally immune to comics' significance—the literary, artistic, critical, and media types. It can serve as a showcase of incredible artwork; it can concentrate collectors from around the world and develop new ones; and, finally, can demonstrate that comics have "arrived" with the other popular arts.

As we know more we'll tell you. Maybe next month, and maybe via response to letters.

The *Red Barry* sequence this issue is an example of our new "more and frequenter" policy mentioned above. And although it is not a mere sampling of this great strip, it is nevertheless an edited sequence of one of Gould's masterful stories.

In the near future the *NEMO Bookshelf*, courtesy San Francisco Academy of Comic Art archives, will present a deluxe *Red Barry* volume of more stories and Sunday episodes as well.

Richard Marschall.

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The 1930s Comics Noir World of Red Barry, Undercover Man

An Adventure/Crime Strip Like No Other

In 1976, while bumming around the West Coast with Bob Weber after a San Diego Convention, he asked me if I wanted to meet Will Gould. Bob had met Will when he had lived in the L.A. area years before, and Will, he said, still lived in a motel apartment nearby.

Will Gould was to me a somewhat obscured figure. His *Red Barry* strip was sometimes referred to, but seldom seen: I knew he had been a Hearst staffer in the 1920s and had been associated with both the racy *New York Graphic* and the *New York Mirror;* he had mingled through the years with show business folk; and his brother Manny was a pioneer animator. Of *Red Barry* I knew most from an Italian reprint edition of fuzzy quality and uneven translation.

Bob phoned for an appointment, and dropped me at Will's. I spent an afternoon with one of the most interesting of cartooning's personalities—Will alternately recalled intimate details of Hollywood stars' lives, fulminated against slights he imagined in the new *World Encyclopedia of the Comics* on which I had worked (although not, I fortunately felt, on the Will Gould entry), charmed me with items from his scrapbooks, offered me hand-drawn sketches, and analyzed the comics business since his hectic days in the 1930s.

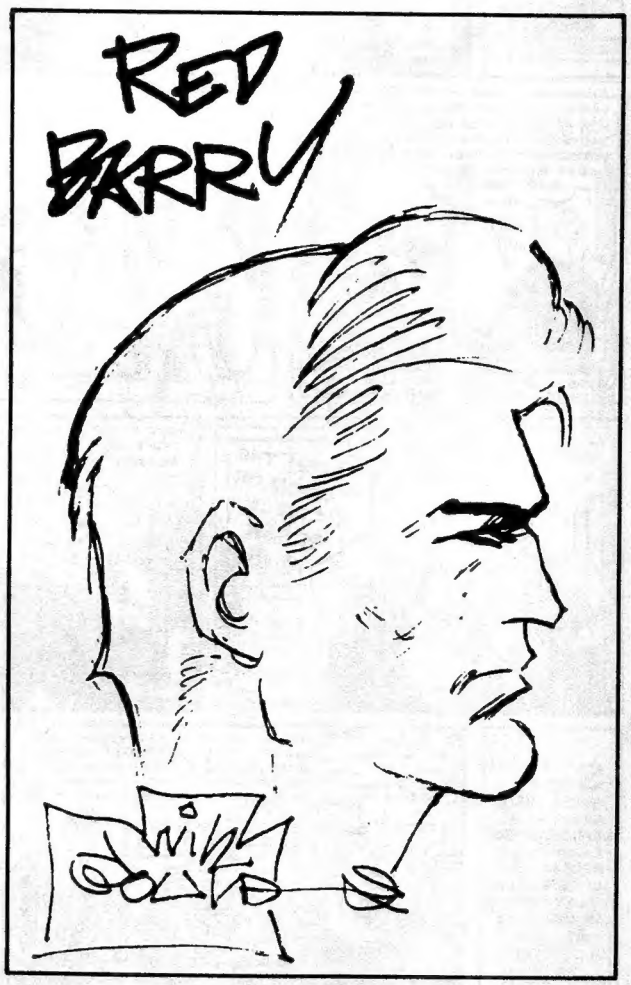
He did something else: He showed me originals and proofs from a *Red Barry* sequence of the mid-1930s, about a young boy wrongly slated for execution on death row. It was a story, I realized in those few minutes of perusal, full of mystery and strong characterization and violence and emotion.

That was all I saw of the story, but through the years the very strong impression of quality and maturity remained with me. Then a few months ago Bill Blackbeard of the San Franscisco Academy of Comic Art excitedly announced to me that he had completed a particularly elusive run of *Red Barry*. He reported his overwhelmed reaction to the material, and a quick comparison of notes and comments revealed that we were both impressed by the identical story.

Following is the "Black Milano" sequence from Will Gould's classic *Red Barry*. It is part of a more complete, longer episode, and plans will shortly be announced for a reprint book of all the great *Red Barry* material. But there is probably no better introduction than the following episode to the violent, realistic, hard-bitten crime world that Will Gould evoked in *Red Barry*.

It is reported that the violence and realism was too grisly for many readers in the 1930s and led to the strip's demise. Whatever its long-range qualities and short-range faults, *Red Barry* stands as a classic of the comics, prominent in a small category of *comics noir* reflections of films and novels—and of life—at the time.

—Rick Marschall



THE MYSTERY OF BLACK MILANO

IN AN EFFORT TO OBTAIN A LEAD ON THE SPADE MURDER, RED JOINS UP WITH DUSTY FLANNERY, A DESPERATE CHARACTER OF THE UNDERWORLD...
AT THE INSPECTOR'S PRIVATE HEADQUARTERS, BARRY IS ABOUT TO CLEAR UP THE FATAL ASSAULT ON MOSKOW, THE CIGAR MAN....
DUSTY FLANNERY'S YOUR MAN—HE BLACKJACKED MOSKOW BECAUSE HE WOULDN'T INSTALL ONE OF HIS SLOT-MACHINES!!
THE D.A.'LL HAVE A SWELL TIME SELLIN' THAT TO THE JURY—WHAT PROOF HAVE WE GOT?
SCOTTY—WILL YOU SWEAR THAT YOU HAVE YOUR WATCH WITH YOU THIS VERY MOMENT?
NOW DON'T REACH FOR IT!!
WELL, WHY—ER—NO!
EXACTLY!! AND FLANNERY WON'T REMEMBER WHETHER OR NOT HE HAD HIS ALONG WHEN HE SLUGGED MOSKOW!!
JUMPIN' JUPITER—I'M BEGINNIN' TO SEE THINGS!
While RED AND THE INSPECTOR PLAN TO TRAP DUSTY, THE PANICKY GANGSTER PACES THE FLOOR, WAITING FOR WORD FROM BARRY...
I'M GLAD I SLUGGED THAT CIGAR MUG—IT'LL LET THE OTHERS KNOW I MEAN BUSINESS!!
AN' IF I DID CROAK 'IM, HOWRE THEY GONNA PROVE IT? I DIDN'T LEAVE ANY PRINTS ON THE CROWBAR!!
WONDER WHAT'S KEEPIN' RED—MAYBE I OUGHTA WALK BY THE STORE LIKE NOTHIN' HAPPENED!!
NOPE—I BETTER STICK AROUND—I GOTTA DOPE OUT AN ALIBI—THAT'S WHAT I GOTTA DO!!
WHILE DUSTY WAS TELLING HOW HE PUT THE SLUG ON MOSKOW, I PALMED THE WRIST-WATCH WHICH HE'D LEFT BEHIND ON AN END TABLE!!
FAST THINKIN', YOUNG FELLER!
THE UNDERCOVER MAN AND THE INSPECTOR PLAN TO TRAP FLANNERY!!
FUNNY—I'D BEEN WOND'RING HOW TO GIVE HIM THE GO-BY IN ORDER TO TIE UP WITH BLACKIE MILANO—THIS CINCHES IT!!
IT'S THE HOT-SEAT FOR DUSTY!
I'LL SEND A COUPLE OF MY MEN OVER TO FLANNERY'S IN ABOUT AN HOUR, WITH INSTRUCTIONS TO PICK UP EVERYONE IN THE APARTMENT—YOU'LL HAVE TO BE THERE TO MAKE IT LOOK GOOD!!
RIGHT!
?
OPEN IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
ON 'SCHEDULE....
I'M GONNA LET 'EM HAVE IT!!
YOU'LL BE TIPPIN' YOUR MITT...THEY GOT NOTHIN' ON YOU!!
OPEN THE DOOR OR WE'LL BREAK IT IN!
HOW ABOUT THE FIRE-ESCAPE?
THAT'S PROBABLY SURROUNDED, TOO—LET ME HANDLE THIS!!
TAKE IT EASY YOU MUGGS—THIS IS A RESPECTABLE JOINT!!
WHY DON'T YOU FLATFOOTS LAY OFF? I TOLD YA I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT THE SPADE BUMP-OFF!!
IT AIN'T THAT, DUSTY—SCOTTY LIKED YOU SO MUCH THE LAST TIME HE JUST WANTED YOU TO PLAY A RETURN DATE... THE RED-HEADED BLOKE, TOO—C'MON, YOU HOODS—STEP ON IT!!
SOON AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL AT HEADQUARTERS, BARRY IS RELEASED, WHILE DUSTY FLANNERY IS USHERED INTO THE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE...
HELLO, FLANNERY—NICE OF YOU TO COME AND SEE US SO OFTEN!!
I DIDN'T COME TO SEE YOU—YOUR DUMB FLATFOOTS BROUGHT ME HERE—IF THERE WAS A MILLION MILES BETWEEN US IT WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH—WHA'D'YA WANT?
I FORGOT MY WATCH—HAVE YOU GOT THE TIME?
FALLING FOR THE INSPECTOR'S RUSE, DUSTY DRAWS BACK THE CUFF ON HIS LEFT HAND.....PANIC!!
WHAT'S AMATTER, DUSTY? DID YOU LOSE SOMETHING?
WHO, ME—? ER-ER—NO!!
Will Gould

San Francisco Academy of Comic Art

Red Barry sequence from 12-24-34 to 7-19-35

DUSTY, TO SHOW YOU HOW EFFICIENT OUR COPS ARE, THEY WENT AND FOUND YOUR WATCH FOR YOU- AND WHERE DO YOU THINK, THEY FOUND IT, DUSTY?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT- NEVER OWNED A WRIST-WATCH!!
THEN HOW DID YOU GET THAT STRIPE ON YOUR WRIST - FROM AN ANKLE-SUPPORT?
MAYBE HE GOT IT FROM HOLDIN' HANDS WITH AN OCTOPUS!!
THIS WATCH WAS FOUND IN THE REAR OF MOSKOW'S SHOP- IT HAS YOUR INITIALS ON IT - YOU WERE SEEN LEAVING THE STORE!!
DON'T BE A SAP, DUSTY - WE GOT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS - GIVE IN - YOU MIGHT COP A PLEA OF SELF-DEFENSE!!
WHAT'S THIS? ROCKY MARTIN LOOKING FOR SPARRING PARTNERS - AND ROCKY'S ONE OF MILANO'S PUGS - IS THIS A BREAK!!
WHILE DUSTY IS BEING GRILLED AT HEADQUARTERS
AFTER SEVERAL HOURS OF CONSTANT GRILLING..
OKAY, CULLEN - TAKE 'IM AWAY!!
I'VE GOT IT ALL - INSPECTOR!
COME ON, DUSTY!
10 MINUTES LATER
YEP, THE WATCH GAG WORKED LIKE A CHARM, RED - WHAT'S THAT? SAY, WITH HIS RECORD, HE COULDN'T PLEAD SELF-DEFENSE FOR KILLING A MAD BULL - IT'S A SET-UP FOR THE D.A.!! WHAT'S THAT?
GET THIS - ROCKY MARTIN'S LOOKING FOR SPARRING PARTNERS - I'M LOOKING FOR BLACK MILANO - ROCKY'S ONE OF MILANO'S PUGS, SO I'M HIS NEW SPARRING PARTNER - DON'T WORRY - I CAN TAKE IT!!
WITH DUSTY FLANNERY BEHIND PRISON BARS, THANKS TO BARRY'S ALERTNESS, RED NOW STARTS OUT FOR BLACK MILANO, A SUSPECT IN THE MURDER OF SPADE, THE LAWYER!!
YOU'LL HAVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL, RED, MILANO HAS A GREAT MEMORY FOR FACES - NAME THE FIRST CAULIFLOWER AFTER ME - GOOD LUCK!!
WELL, MR. ROCKY MARTIN, IT'LL BE WORTH A CAULIFLOWER EAR TO TIE UP WITH THAT CROOK BOSS OF YOURS!!
AT THAT, THE PALOOKA'S GOT TO HIT ME FIRST!!
WELL - HERE WE ARE - I WONDER IF I'LL EVER LOOK THE SAME!!
CYCLONE A.C.
ROCKY'S TRAINING QUARTERS..
WHO HANDLES ROCKY MARTIN?
WHY - WHA'D'YA WANT?
AT ROCKY'S TRAINING QUARTERS...
I HEAR HE'S LOOKIN' FOR SPARRIN' PARTNERS - I CAN GIVE 'IM A WORK-OUT!!
YA CAN, HUH? HAVE YA EVER PUSHED LEATHER BEFORE?
YEAH - BUT I QUIT - I - I ONCE KILLED A GUY!!
AN' YA LOST YOUR NERVE - YOU'RE NO GOOD TO US!!
Y - YOU DON'T GET IT - THE GUY WAS MY PAL!!
OKAY - WAIT HERE - I'LL SEE WHAT THE BOSS HAS TO SAY!!
SO HE ONCE KILLED A GUY IN THE RING EH? HAVE YOU SEEN THIS PALOOKA PUNCH?
NO - HE JUST WALKED IN ON ME!
BLACK MILANO, IN PERSON!!
BEFORE THEY START BOXIN', HAVE HIM TAKE A WHIRL AT THE SANDBAG... IF HE CAN HIT THAT HARD, I DON'T WANT HIM IN THERE WITH ROCKY - SAVVY?
RIGHT, BOSS!
OKAY, RED - THE BOSS SAID TO GIVE YA A CHANCE!!
THANKS, PAL - I NEED THE DOUGH!!
BACK ON THE GYM FLOOR...
HE SAID FOR YOU TO WARM UP BEFORE YA WORK WITH MARTIN - HOW ABOUT SOCKIN' THE BIG BAG?
OKAY!
HOW'M I DOIN'?
WELL - YA STEP IN KINDA NICE WITH THAT HOOK - BUT -
SOCK
- YOU'LL NEVER KILL ANYBODY WITH IT - ARE YOU SHOOTIN' THE WORKS?
NAW - JUST BEEN LOOSENIN' UP
THEN TROT OUT THAT HAYMAKER OF YOURS - I'M HERE TO GET AN EYEFUL!!
OKAY - HOLD ON TO THE BAG!!
UGH!
SOCK
PARDON MY GLOVE!!

HE TORE THAT BIG BAG LOOSE LIKE IT WAS A TOY BALLOON— AN' WITH ME HOLDIN' IT, TOO !!
SOUNDS LIKE A SWELL PROSPECT, PADDY, BUT—
THE BOXIN' RACKET IS SHOT RIGHT NOW ··· BESIDES I GOT TOO MUCH DOUGH INVESTED IN ROCKY— I'VE GOT OTHER PLANS FOR THE REDHEAD— SEND HIM IN !!
BETTER TAKE THOSE GLOVES OFF, RED— THE BOSS WANTSA SEE YA !!
HERE'S SOME DOUGH— GET YOURSELF SOME NEW RAGS AND REPORT AT THIS ADDRESS ··· THERE'LL BE NO TRAMPS WORKIN' FOR MILANO !!
GEE, MR. MILANO— THANKS !!
Will Gould
PORKY FINN HAS BEEN SAYING PLENTY IN HIS DELIRIUM— I'VE GOT A STENOG TAKING NOTES OVER AT THE HOSPITAL ··· SO YOU'RE IN, HUH ?
OH, I'M IN ALL RIGHT, AND NOT AS A SPARRING PARTNER ··· YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM ME RIGHT SOON— SO LONG !!
IF YOU CAN KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT, YOU'LL BE IN THE BIG DOUGH IN NO TIME— DARN SIGHT MORE THAN YOU CAN MAKE SHOVIN' LEATHER !!
THAT'S OKAY WITH ME !!
CAN I SEE YA A MINUTE, CHIEF ?
OH, YEAH ?
LATER, AT MILANO'S APARTMENT ···
DO YOU ALWAYS MAKE PHONE CALLS, RED ?
ONLY WHEN I GOTTA— WHY ?
WHO'S YOUR FRIEND DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS, RED ?
HEADQUARTERS— WHA'D'YA MEAN ?
I MEAN THAT YOU'RE ONE OF SCOTT'S UNDER-COVER MEN, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSIN' STOOL-PIGEON !!
SO THAT'S IT, HUH ?
YEAH— THAT'S IT— AN' IT'S GONNA GIVE ME PERSONAL SATISFACTION TO KILL YOU, MYSELF !!
GO AHEAD— I'D RATHER BE DEAD THAN MIXED UP WITH A DUMB CLUCK LIKE YOU !!
THEN IF YOU HAVEN'T ANY CONNECTIONS WITH INSPECTOR SCOTT, YOU WON'T BE AFRAID TO PHONE HIM ?
WHAT HAVE I GOT TO BE AFRAID OF ?
YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH··· FIRST I WANT YOU TO READ THIS OUT LOUD TO MAKE SURE YOU GOT IT CLEAR !!
"RED TALKING— I'M IN A TOUGH SPOT, INSPECTOR— NEED HELP— SEND ONE OF YOUR BEST, BY NOON, TO 57 CHECKER DRIVE, APARTMENT 15— HAVE HIM RING THREE TIMES— TWO SHORT AND ONE LONG··· GOTTA BEAT IT NOW"
YOUR NUMBER'S UP, STOOLIE !! A DICTAGRAPH RECORDED EVERY WORD YOU SAID— A SMALL PHONOGRAPH WILL REPEAT IT TO SCOTT FROM AN OUTSIDE BOOTH WHERE WE CAN'T BE TRACED— THREE RINGS— TOMORROW AT NOON— TWO SHORT, AND ONE LONG AND YOUR GOOSE IS COOKED !!
WHERE WE HEADIN' FOR ?
TO 57 CHECKER DRIVE, STUPID— WE DON'T STAGE NO BUMP-OFFS IN MILANO'S FLAT!
WHAT DO WE DO NOW ?
WE CAMP HERE UNTIL TOMORROW FOR THEM THREE RINGS AN' OUT GOES Y-O-U !!
THE BEGINNING OF AN ALL NIGHT VIGIL—
WELL, IF WE GOTTA STAY AWAKE, HOW ABOUT A LITTLE POKER ?
Y'AINT PULLIN' ANY PHONY MOVES ON ME, BUDDY— SOLITAIRE'LL DO YOU !!
LOOK, FELLER— FIRST UP IS THE KNAVE OF SPADES— AN' SPEAKIN' OF SPADES— WHO RUBBED OUT LAWYER SPADE ?
I ALMOST GOTTA GOOD NOTION T'TELL YA, REDHEAD ··· WHERE YOU'RE GOIN' NOBODY HEARS A THING !!
WHAT TIME IS IT, TEACHER ?
FOR A GUY THAT'S GOT A BUMP-OFF FOR A FUTURE, YOU SURE SLEEP LIKE A NEW-BORN BABE !!
WITH THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY ···
I LIKE PLENTY OF SHUT-EYE !
IF I WAS YOU I'D DO PLENTY OF STAY-AWAKE— YOU'RE GONNA BE ASLEEP A LONG TIME !!
HOW DO YOU MAKE YOUR GET-AWAY AFTER YOU PLUG ME ?
DOWN THE DUMBWAITER AND CLEAR THRU TO THE CELLAR··· THE SILENCER MAKES THE SHOT SOUND LIKE THE POP OF A CORK AND I CAN SCRAM BEFORE THE BULLS BUST IN THE DOOR !!
BUZZ BUZZ
SORRY, RED— ANOTHER BUZZ AN' I GOTTA GIVE IT TO YA !
THE ZERO HOUR !!

MILANO'S TRAP! SUSPECTING RED'S CONNECTIONS WITH INSPECTOR SCOTT, BLACKIE HAS BARRY MAKE A DICTAGRAPH RECORD, UNKNOWINGLY, CALLING FOR HELP... SHOULD THE INSPECTOR ANSWER RED'S SUMMONS, THE SIGNAL, THREE RINGS ON THE DOOR-BELL WILL SEND THE UNDERCOVER MAN TO HIS DOOM !!

TAKE IT EASY, REDHOT—THAT BELL ONLY RANG TWICE !!

I AIN'T DEAF! WHO IS IT?

I'M WORKING MY WAY THROUGH COLLEGE—

YOU'RE IN THE WRONG STABLE, BUDDY—WE NO SPICKA NO EENG-LISH !!

WHEW—THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE—SUPPOSE SOME GUY SELLIN' BANANAS RINGS THREE TIMES—THEN WHAT?

THEN HE BETTER YELL BANANAS FIRST, OR IT'LL BE TOO BAD FOR YOU !!

WELL, WE STILL GOT ABOUT TEN MINUTES BEFORE NOON—THAT'S THE TIME IN THE MESSAGE !!

IF YOU WEREN'T SUCH GOOD COMPANY, I WOULDN'T BE HANGIN' AROUND HERE !!

AN' IF I WASN'T GETTIN' A GRAND FOR THIS BUMP-OFF, I'D BE IN PARIS MYSELF!

A MEASLY GRAND FOR BUMPIN' ME OFF—WHY THAT'S CHICKEN FEED—I USED TO MAKE MORE'N THAT BOXIN' SIX ROUNDS!

RED PRETENDS TO SHADOW BOX...

YOU SHOULDA STUCK TO BOXIN', BROTHER—YOU'DA LASTED LONGER !!

SOCK

WHAT'RE YA GONNA DO WITH THE GAT? ARE YA GONNA BUMP ME?

NAW—I JUST WANNA MAKE SURE IT DON'T GO POPPIN' OFF EVERY TIME THAT DOOR BELL RINGS !!

THEN YOU'RE GONNA TURN ME OVER TO THE BULLS WHEN THEY GET HERE?

DRY UP!

IF YOU'RE NOT A COPPER THEN WHY WAIT HERE?

TO SHOW UP THE MUGG WHO PUT THE FINGER ON ME TO MILANO !!

THE BELL!

BR-R-R-R...

AT EXACTLY 12:00 NOON !!

YOU OPEN THE DOOR—IF IT'S A BULL I'LL HANDLE HIM !!

SO IT'S YOU, HUH?

YEAH—BLACKIE SENT ME !!

I SUPPOSE HE TOLD YA TO RING THE DOOR BELL THAT WAY, TOO !!

NAW—THAT WAS JUST AN ACCIDENT !!

SO IS THIS!

COME ON, RED—LET'S GO !!

AS IT TURNED OUT, SCOTTY, THE HOOD WHO WAS TO RUB ME OUT, WAS THE ONE WHO FINALLY PUT ME IN SOLID WITH MILANO "OKAY—I'LL MEET YOU AT THE SAME PLACE !!

THEY SURE HAD YOU IN A TIGHT SPOT !!

WELL, I FIGURED THEY'D CALL HEADQUARTERS INSTEAD OF THE PRIVATE WIRE, AND I KNEW YOU'D GET HEP IMMEDIATELY !!

AT THE INSPECTOR'S PRIVATE QUARTERS...

NOT ONLY THAT—IT ALL CAME OVER IN ONE PIECE, WITHOUT ANY PAUSES FOR MY REPLIES—SOUNDED LIKE A RECORD, OR ELSE YOU WERE MAKING THE SPEECH WITH A GUN IN YOUR BACK !!

AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, SCOTTY—I OFTEN WARNED YOU THAT THERE'D NEVER BE ANY CALL FOR HELP FROM ME !!

YOUR NEXT MOVE IS TO FIND OUT ABOUT SPADE'S RED LEDGER—PORKY FINN KEEPS RAVING ABOUT IT IN HIS DELIRIUM!

RIGHT!

ON THIS PARTICULAR DAY, TWO SEPARATE LITTLE DRAMAS ARE BEING ENACTED...

IT STORMS AGAIN AT HEAD-QUARTERS!

BY DEMANDING AN ALIBI FROM MILANO YOU EMBARRASSED ONE OF OUR MOST DISTINGUISHED CITIZENS, WHO WAS DINING WITH MILANO THE NIGHT SPADE WAS MURDERED... OUTSIDE OF THAT YOU'VE DONE NOTHING !!

YOUR SO-CALLED UNDER-COVER SQUAD—WHAT HAVE THEY ACCOMPLISHED—NOTHING !!

MY BADGE, COMMISSIONER!

W-WHY, SCOTT—WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

OUT!

BUT, JOHNNY, WHY TAKE ON SO? I'LL BE HOME SOON—GOOD AND STRONG !!

MAMMA!

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE TOWN, A BOY SAYS GOODBYE TO HIS MOTHER...

"MAMA'S BOY" SLAYER OF SIMON SPADE CAPTURED BY POLICE!!
COMMISSIONER TRENT SOLVES BAFFLING CRIME AS YOUNG JOHNNY DEAN CONFESSES MURDER OF NOTED CRIMINAL LAWYER ..... "I Shot Lawyer
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HELLO-HELLO-I MUST SPEAK TO INSPECTOR SCOTT... WHAT? HE RESIGNED?
FAILING TO REACH THE INSPECTOR ON THE PRIVATE WIRE, BARRY FRANTICALLY CALLS HEADQUARTERS...
GOOD HEAVENS, SCOTTY!! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE LICKED!!
YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT, RED-I'VE JUST BEGUN TO FIGHT!!
I HAVEN'T SEEN THE PAPERS YET-WHERE DID THEY GRAB THAT KID, JOHNNY DEAN?
GRAB MY EYEBROW-HE WALKED IN ON TRENT AND GAVE HIMSELF UP!
AND NOW THE COMMISH IS SPREADING HIMSELF WITH AL. THE GLORY!
LET 'IM-HE'LL HAVE A TOUGH TIME LIVING IT DOWN, WHEN WE PRODUCE THE REAL MURDERER!!
THEN YOU DON'T BELIEVE THE KID DID IT?
NO-WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK ALL RIGHT... IN THE MEANTIME, I'M RUNNING UP TO THE HOSPITAL TO SEE PORKY FINN-I'LL MEET YOU HERE LATER!
SO YOU DON'T THINK HE'LL HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER, DOC?
AN HOUR AT THE MOST, INSPECTOR... WE'RE KEEPING HIM ALIVE WITH ADRENALIN!
YOU'RE GOING, PORKY-SAWBONES SAID IF YOU LAST TWENTY MINUTES IT'LL BE A MIRACLE!!
WANNA COME-ALONG-SCOTTY?
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN WHITE WITH YOU, PORKY-NEVER BOTHERED YOU UNLESS I HAD TO-NOW DO SOMETHING FOR ME-AND FOR YOURSELF-YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE AN INNOCENT KID BURN?!
SURE, SCOTTY-YOU BEEN WHITE-YOU WANNA KNOW-WHO BUMPED-SPADE?
YES!
THEN GET-CLOSER, SCOTTY-I CAN JUST-ABOUT-MAKE IT... IT WAS THAT NO GOOD, DOUBLE-CROSSIN'-YELLOW-LIVERED-A-A-A-AH.
HAVE ANY LUCK, SCOTTY?
RED, THE GRIM REAPER STEPPED IN AND PLAYED A ROTTEN TRICK ON ME!!
THE FINISH OF FINN, HUH?
YEP, JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO TALK!!
WHAT'S OUR NEXT MOVE?
TO PROVE THAT TRENT IS WRONG AS USUAL, BY ESTABLISHING JOHNNY DEAN'S INNOCENCE!!
GET ACQUAINTED IN THE KID'S NEIGHBORHOOD-TALK TO HIS MOTHER-HIS FRIENDS-AND ABOVE ALL, BE CAREFUL THAT YOU'RE NOT TAILED BY ONE OF MILANO'S HOODS!
NOT A CHANCE-HE'D SOONER SUSPECT HIMSELF AFTER THAT LAST SHOW-I'M ON MY WAY!!
I DON'T MIND TRENT'S UNFAIR BEEFING... I'VE HAD ENOUGH GLORY IN MY TIME-BUT WHEN HE STARTS GETTING ABUSIVE ABOUT THE UNDER-COVER SQUAD-THAT'S OUT!
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THEY'RE IN THE MOST DANGEROUS AND THANKLESS PASTIME YET INVENTED-SUBJECT TO SUDDEN DEATH AT THE HANDS OF BOTH THE POLICE AND GUNMAN ALIKE, YET THEY ASK FOR NOTHING MORE THAN THE OPPORTUNITY TO STAMP OUT THE CRIMINAL ELEMENT IN THIS TOWN...
WHY, HANG IT ALL, MOFFET, IF THE TRUTH WERE TOLD ABOUT THE DONNIGER PINCH, THE BREAKING UP OF SPORT SARNO'S MOB AND OTHERS, THE BIG REDHEAD WOULD BECOME ONE OF THE GREATEST IDOLS THIS COUNTRY'S EVER KNOWN... PICTURE IT, YOURSELF... AN EX-COLLEGE FOOTBALL STAR IN THE ROLE OF A GANGBUSTER WHOSE EQUAL I'VE NEVER SEEN-AND ALL HE ASKS IS NOT TO EMBARRASS HIM BY MENTIONING IT!!
HOW MUCH OF THIS CAN I PRINT, SCOTTY?
NOT A WORD DAN-JUST SAY, "EX-INSPECTOR SCOTT ADMITS HE'S THRU"!!
INSPECTOR SCOTT SPEAKS TO A FRIENDLY NEWSPAPER MAN....
"IT WAS LEARNED TODAY THAT YOUNG JOHNNY DEAN SHOT SIMON SPADE BECAUSE, AS HE ALLEGES, THE LAWYER HAD FLEECED HIM OUT OF AN INVENTION..."
MAYBE-BUT WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!
ROUND TRIP TO CLOVERDALE, PLEASE!!
TICKET
WHILE THE UNDERCOVER MAN BOARDS A TRAIN FOR JOHNNY DEAN'S HOME, A SUBURB ABOUT THIRTY MILES OUT, THE SCENE SHIFTS TO MILANO'S LAIR....
WHAT IS IT, SMILER?
SOMEONE ON THE PRIVATE WIRE, BLACKIE!!
HELLO-HELLO-HELLO! IF IT ISN'T OUR DISTINGUISHED CITIZEN, MR. HALSEY * TRAIN!!
* MILANO'S ALIBI THE NIGHT OF THE SPADE MURDER...

SO THE DISTINGUISHED CITIZEN, MR. HALSEY TRAIN, HAD TO ADMIT HE WAS DINING WITH THE NOTORIOUS BLACK MILANO, THE NIGHT SPADE WAS MURDERED !! TSK-TSK-
KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, TRAIN— YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN ANY OF US—LEST YOU FORGET, I STILL HAVE AN ACE IN THE HOLE—YOUR SOCIETY FRIENDS MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW WHAT YOU WERE TWENTY YEARS AGO !!
SO YOU DON'T CARE ANY-MORE, EH ? AN' YOU'RE GONNA TALK ··· TRAIN, IF YOU SO MUCH AS OPEN YOUR TRAP—
HANG UP !
YOU THINK HE'LL BLAB, BLACKIE ?
NOT A CHANCE— THAT RED LEDGER'S DYNAMITE !!
AGAIN, THE RED LEDGER···
SURE, AN' I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ALL THINKIN'— THAT YOUNG JOHNNY DID TH' MURDERIN'— BUT YOU'D BETTER NOT LET ME HEAR YE SAYIN' SO, OR I'LL BLAST TH' LIVIN' DAY-LIGHTS OUTA EVERY ONE OF YE!!
AT THE CLOVER SOCIAL AND ATHLETIC CLUB···
WHO'S TH' LOUD-SPEAKER, KID ?
THAT'S POP HOGAN— HE USTA BE JOHNNY DEAN'S MANAGER IN TH AMACHOORS !!
PARDON— CAN YOU SPARE A LIGHT ?
I DON'T THINK JOHNNY'S GUILTY, POP— WHERE CAN WE TALK ?
LOR' BLESS YE, STRANGER— WE CAN GO TO ME ROOMS !
NO, I'M NOT A DICK, POP— I JUST DON'T LIKE TO SEE THE KID TAKE A PHONY RAP !!
THEN I'LL BE TELLIN' YE EVERY-THING !!
UNDERCOVER MAN'S WHITE LIE···
EVERYONE IN TOWN WAS FOR CRITICIZIN' TH' POOR LAD FOR LEAVIN' ME AN' TURNIN' PERFESSIONAL, BUT JOHNNY NEEDED MONEY— HIS POOR MOTHER NEEDED A DOCTOR'S CARE— AN' HOW THAT BOY LOVES HIS MOTHER !!
HAS JOHNNY EVER BOXED PROFESSIONAL SINCE JOINING MILANO'S STABLE ?
NIVER LIFTED A GLOVE, SIR— BUT HOW DID YE KNOW HE WENT WITH MILANO ?
JUST A HUNCH, POP— NOW CAN YOU TAKE ME TO JOHNNY'S MOTHER ?
I'M AFRAID NOT SIR— SHE LEFT FOR EL PASO THE DAY BEFORE THE LAD GAVE HIMSELF UP !!
JUST WHY DID JOHNNY'S MOTHER GO TO EL PASO, POP ?
SHE WENT TO A SANITARIUM IN THE MOUNTAINS RIGHT NEAR THE MEXICAN BORDER··· THE DOCTOR SAID SHE COULDN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER WITHOUT A CHANGE OF CLIMATE !!
WHAT RESORT DID SHE GO TO ?
THE LAD'S SISTER, MARY, WOULD KNOW, SIR, BUT SHE'S AWAY··· THE POOR GIRL PICKS UP A COUPLE OF DOLLARS SELLIN' THEM BEAUTY LOTIONS, BUT MAYBE DOCTOR CALDWELL CAN TELL YE !!
WELL, THANKS VERY MUCH, POP— I'VE GOT A SNEAKY FEELING THAT EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE ALL RIGHT !!
THANK YE— SIR— THANK YE !!
HELLO, SCOTTY— I'LL BE OVER TO YOUR PLACE IN ABOUT TWO HOURS— IN THE MEANTIME, RESERVE A ROUND-TRIP BY AIR TO EL PASO— WHY ? I'M GOING WEST FOR JOHNNY DEAN'S HEALTH !!
BEFORE BARRY FLIES TO EL PASO TO SEE JOHNNY'S MOTHER, HE INTENDS GIVING MILANO A WELL-PLANNED EXCUSE FOR LEAVING TOWN.
but—
BLACKIE BEATS HIM TO IT····
ANYBODY KNOW YOU'RE TIED UP WITH MY MOB ?
I DON'T TALK !!
I WANT YOU TO SCRAM OUTA TOWN FOR ABOUT A WEEK— IT'S GONNA BE PLENTY HOT AROUND HERE !!
WHY MAKE ME TAKE THE POWDER ? WHAT ABOUT THE REST OF THE GANG ?
THEY'RE BLOWIN' TOO— ALL EXCEPTIN' THE SHOMISS" AND BENNY, THE BOOM-BOOM !!
BENNY, THE BOOM-BOOM. HUH— THAT MEANS FIRE-WORKS !
YEAH, RED, FIREWORKS— AN' FOURTH OF JULY IS SIX MONTHS AWAY !!
MILANO PLAYED RIGHT INTO MY HANDS AND I HOPE IT'S FOR THE BEST, BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT SOME-THING TERRIBLE IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN !!
MAYBE HE WAS JUST TRYING TO SOUND IMPORTANT !
DON'T UNDER-ESTIMATE THAT BABY, SCOTTY— HE'S PLENTY TOUGH !!
MAYBE TRENT CAN STOP TAKING BOWS FOR AWHILE AND HAVE BLACKIE SHADOWED— ON SECOND THOUGHT, I'LL DO THAT LITTLE TRICK MYSELF !!
SAY, YOU BETTER STEP ON IT IF YOU'RE GOIN' TO MAKE THAT PLANE !!
GOSH, YES !
WELL TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, OLD-TIMER, AND I'LL BE BACK AS FAST AS I CAN !!
GOOD LUCK, KID— AND A HAPPY LANDING !

While Barry wings westward thru the clouds...
That's Blackie now!
Ex-inspector Scott watches Milano from a hallway across the street...
Funny he should be traveling alone and in a cab!!
And immediately sets on his trail...
Okay-I'll wait!!
Well, I'll be horn-swoggled...he's getting out at headquarters!
What I mean, commissioner, is that I've been thru with rackets since the repeal... I just try to make an honest living running my night club and handling a few fighters... you can't hang a guy for that?
No, I suppose not!
But I don't want to be taking up any more of your time, commissioner. You're a busy man... if I can ever be of any service—
Thanks, Milano, I like your spirit and I'm glad that you've decided to stay on the right side of the law... you'll find me a tough customer!!
I don't want no trouble with you, commissioner... would you mind telling me the time?
It's exactly ten minutes past eight!!
An hour's session with Trent, eh... and traveling alone... something tells me I've shadowed the wrong party!!
Milano pays Trent a friendly visit...
There goes that confounded phone, just as I was dozing off!!
B-r-r-r
Shortly after midnight...
Hello—Hello... yes, this is Scott... who?.. Hello, Dan... okay, I'll wait up for you!!
Looks like red's hunch was right—something dreadful must have happened, or that news-hound wouldn't be calling at this hour!!
Twenty minutes later
Well, Moffatt, what is it? Earthquake, tornado or flood?
Halsey Train's home was bombed this evening... Train is dead!!
What amuses you so, Scotty?
You say Train's home was bombed at eight o'clock... at that same hour, Blackie Milano was visiting commissioner Trent!!
Our good commissioner is the chump this time... Milano's alibi, while the shomiss and Benny, the boom-boom, were blowing train into the stratosphere!!
Well?
Good grief! Train was Milano's alibi the night of the spade murder—Train was about to talk, and—
I think you've got something there, Scotty!
They found a bullet hole at the base of his skull—Train was shot first—the bombing came as an afterthought!!
I tell you, Moffatt, when the final blow-off takes place, you'll have the yarn that comes once in a lifetime!!
Where did I hear that before?
Scotty and his newspaper friend continue their discussion of the bombing of Halsey Train's home...
Ten minutes ago, and I say it again... get this picture—Spade is the legal brain for Milano's crooked rackets—for some reason Blackie wants him out of the way—maybe for the possession of this so-called red ledger—I dunno.
After the bumpoff, he realizes the need of an ironclad alibi—so he goes to Halsey Train, an influential, and highly respected citizen, who swears that Blackie was dining with him the hour spade was shot!!
Ah, then—you ask why did Train alibi Milano?... and I say, because Milano was using another form of blackmail, and I've a strong hunch you'll find Halsey Train's name prominent in the red ledger!!
In other words, Milano had something on Train, and fearing an expose, he gave in to Blackie's demands!!
Exactly!
Later, with the realization that an innocent youngster might go to the chair, due to his perjured testimony, Train decided to talk and along came Milano and Benny, the boom-boom and company!!
In other words, the kid's confession was forced!!
That's right—forced in one way or another—but I'll know better in a day or two!!
Where to, stranger?
Las Palmas Sanitarium, please!!
Taxi
Red arrives at El Paso...

I UNDERSTAND THE DIFFERENT STATES PROVIDE FOR THE UPKEEP OF THESE SANITARIUMS !!
THAT'S RIGHT—BUT LAS PALMAS, THAT'S PRIVATELY OWNED—OL' DOC SEELEY CAME OUT HERE WITH HIS SICK BOY NIGH ON TO TEN YEARS AGO, AN' BUILT THE SHEBANG, HIMSELF !
GET A WHIFF O'THET AIR—GOOD FOR THE LUNGS—HIGHER WE CLIMB, BETTER IT GETS—BE YUH AILIN', STRANGER ?
LAS CRUCES 48MI.
TAXI
NO-NO—I'M JUST HERE ON A VISIT !!
WAL, IT'S TOO BAD, CAUSE THIS HERE MOUNTAIN AIR WOULD CURE YUH QUICKER'N YUH KIN SAY AGUA CALIENTE !!
THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE !!
SAY, THANKS A HEAP, STRANGER—S'MORE MONEY THAN I'VE SEEN SINCE THE FLOOD—IF YUH BE WANTIN' T'MEETIN' UP WITH SOME SENORITAS, JUST LET ME KNOW !!
TAXI
I SUPPOSE YOU'VE HEARD OF THE SPADE MURDER CASE, DOCTOR ?
WHY, YES—I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING IT RIGHT ALONG !!
BARRY SPEAKS TO DOCTOR SEELEY, HEAD OF THE LAS PALMAS SANITARIUM...
DID YOU EVER CONNECT YOUNG JOHNNY DEAN, WHO CONFESSED TO THE SHOOTING, WITH MRS MARY DEAN, ONE OF YOUR PATIENTS ?
GOOD HEAVENS—NO !!
SHE'S THE BOY'S MOTHER, DOCTOR, AND I'M HERE BECAUSE I BELIEVE THE LAD IS INNOCENT !!
POOR WOMAN—THE SHOCK WOULD KILL HER—SHE MUSTN'T KNOW !
EXACTLY MY SENTIMENTS, DOCTOR—IS THERE ANY POSSIBILITY THAT SHE MIGHT COME ACROSS THE ITEM IN A LOCAL NEWSPAPER ?
NOT A CHANCE—PART OF OUR PROGRAM IS TO KEEP ALL MORBID NEWS ITEMS FROM OUR PATIENTS—IN CHEERFUL ATMOSPHERE. THEY RESPOND TO OUR TREATMENT MUCH QUICKER !!
YOU'LL WANT TO MEET THE MOTHER, OF COURSE ?
YES—JUST TELL HER THAT I'M A FIGHT-PROMOTER PASSING THRU ON MY WAY TO CALIFORNIA—THAT I USED TO BOOK JOHNNY AT MY CLUB !!
I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU, MRS. DEAN—A BOXING PROMOTER, A GOOD FRIEND OF YOUR SON, JOHNNY, IS PAYING ME A VISIT !!
OH, I'D LOVE TO MEET HIM !!
SHE WISHES TO SEE YOU, MR. BARRY—PLEASE BE CAREFUL—ANY SHOCK—
DON'T WORRY, DOCTOR, I'LL BE DOUBLY CAREFUL—BUT I'D RATHER BE FACING A ROOM FULL OF GORILLAS !!
SO YOU KNOW MY BOY, JOHNNY, ? HOW THRILLING—TELL ME, SOMETHING ABOUT HIM—WHEN DID YOU SEE HIM LAST ?
LAST TIME I SAW JOHNNY WAS AT THE CLOVER CLUB—BUT HE DIDN'T TELL ME THAT YOU WERE OUT HERE !!
THAT'S JUST LIKE MY BOY !
I DON'T UNDERSTAND ?
HE WAS TOO NOBLE TO BROADCAST THAT THE MONEY HE RECEIVED FOR HIS INVENTION, ON WHICH HE SLAVED NIGHT AND DAY WENT TO PAY MY EXPENSES OUT HERE !
JOHNNY SOLD AN INVENTION ? I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS INCLINED THAT WAY ?
WHY, YES—A MR. MILANO SOLD IT FOR HIM TO SIMON SPADE, THE FAMOUS CRIMINAL LAWYER !!
*IN JOHNNY DEAN'S CONFESSION, HE STATED THAT HE SHOT SPADE BECAUSE THE LATTER HAD FLEECED HIM OUT OF THE PATENT...
FLASH!
JOHNNY DEAN CONVICTED ON HIS OWN TESTIMONY AND WILL BE SENTENCED TO DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR !!
FROM THE BOY'S MOTHER, RED LEARNS THAT JOHNNY FINANCED HER TRIP TO EL PASO WITH MONEY HE RECEIVED FROM THE SALE OF AN INVENTION TO LAWYER SPADE, A DIRECT CONTRADICTION TO THE CONFESSION WHICH WILL SEND HIM TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR !!
WHEN YOU SEE MY JOHNNY, PLEASE TELL HIM TO BUNDLE UP WARM... HE ALWAYS HAS COLDS IN THE WINTER, SO I'M KNITTING A NEW SWEATER FOR HIM...I KNOW HE'LL WEAR IT !!
I'M SURE HE WILL !
IT WAS A PLEASURE SEEING YOU, MRS. DEAN...PLEASE TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF AND DON'T LET ANYTHING WORRY YOU...YOU'VE GOT TO GET WELL, YOU KNOW !!
THANK YOU, MR. BARRY—AND A PLEASANT JOURNEY !
DID YOU LEARN ANYTHING THAT MIGHT HELP THE BOY, MR. BARRY ?
YES, BUT I'LL TELL YOU LATER... IN THE MEANTIME I'D LIKE TO MAKE A LONG-DISTANCE CALL, DR. SEELEY... I'LL PAY THE CHARGES !!
HELLO, SCOTTY... HOW ARE YA, YOU OLD BLIZZARD ? I'VE GOT SOME—WHAT ?
THEY DIDN'T WAIT VERY LONG, DID THEY ? I SUPPOSE TRENT IS VERY PROUD OF HIMSELF ?
BARRY CONTINUES HIS 'PHONE CONVERSATION WITH EX-INSPECTOR SCOTT.
THEY GAVE HIM A FAST TRIAL...JURY WAS QUICKLY CONVINCED BY HIS OWN TESTIMONY BACKED UP WITH A FEW POINTS THE PROSECUTION BROUGHT IN AND THAT'S THAT...AS FAR AS TRENT IS CONCERNED HE'LL HAVE PLENTY TO WORRY ABOUT SOON, BUT I'LL TELL YOU MORE WHEN I SEE YOU.....
NO—THE DATE HASN'T BEEN SET YET, BUT I IMAGINE IT WON'T BE BEFORE APRIL... I'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU TOMORROW...SO LONG !!
YOU WERE GOING TO TELL ME WHAT YOU LEARNED FROM MRS. DEAN !!
YES, I WAS... SHE'S KNITTING A SWEATER FOR HER BOY...SO THAT HE CAN WEAR IT..... AWAITING HIS FATE !!

WELL DOCTOR, MY TRANSPORTATION WAITS OUTSIDE, SO I'LL SAY GOODBYE TO YOU AND MANY THANKS FOR YOUR HELP !!
NOT AT ALL — IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL SEE THAT MRS. DEAN REGAINS ENOUGH STRENGTH TO FACE ANY ORDEAL THAT MAY ARISE !!
SEEMS LIKE LAS PALMAS 'GITTIN' LOTS OF VISITORS LATELY !!
WHY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN ?
WAL, I DROVE A COUPLA STRANGERS OVER THE FOOTHILLS A LITTLE WHILE AGO, AND THEY WERE ASKIN' HOW FAR WE WAS FROM LAS PALMAS !!
WHAT DID THEY LOOK LIKE ?
ONE WAS A TALL HOMBRE WITH A BIG BEEZER AND THE OTHER 'UN WAS KIND OF STOCKY — I THINK HIS NAME WAS 'FAT — THAT'S IT — "FATS" SOMETHIN' OR OTHER !!
GOOD GOSH !! WHAT CAN THEY BE HERE FOR ?
AND TO BARRY COMES THE GRIM SPECTRE OF "FATS" MANNY AND "SMILER" DIRK, TWO OF MILANO'S GUNMEN ....
PULL IN OFF THE ROAD, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU !!
OKAY !
HERE'S A TEN-SPOT, AND THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THIS CAME FROM — I WANT YOU TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME !!
YES, SUH !
FIRST I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME TO THE SPOT WHERE YOU DROPPED THE TWO STRANGERS OFF AND THEN HAVE SHERIFF CHRIS FOX MEET ME AT LAS PALMAS !!
THEY RENTED A CABANA UP IN THE HILLS ... SHUCKS, AM I FINALLY GONNA SEE SOME ACTION LIKE THEY HAVE IN THEM WESTERN MOVIN' PITCHERS ?
TAXI
Then, after fifteen minutes of riding...
THAT'S THE SHACK, MISTUH !!
FINE, I'LL GET OUT HERE !!
EVEN THO' IDENTIFICATION WOULD MEAN CERTAIN DEATH TO BARRY, THE UNDERCOVER MAN PEERS THROUGH A WINDOW OF THE CABANA AND FINDS HIS SUSPICIONS VERIFIED ...
IT'S "FATS" AND THE "SMILER" ALL RIGHT
WHEN DO WE MAKE THE SNATCH, SMILER ?
WE'LL LOOK THE SANITARIUM OVER TOMORROW AFTERNOON, GET THE LOWDOWN ON THE OLD LADY'S ROOM, AN' WE CAN COME BACK ALONG ABOUT MIDNIGHT !
BLACKIE SURE IS TAKIN' A LOTTA CHANCES !
HOW DO YOU GET THAT WAY — HE'S TAKIN' A LOTTA CHANCES ? IF WE GET CAUGHT, HE DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT IT — THE BEST WE GET OUT OF IT IS THE WORST !
ANYHOW I'D LIKE TO GET IT OVER WITH — FOOLIN' WITH OLD DAMES ALWAYS WAS MY JINX !!
AIN'T THAT TOO BAD ? NOW IF YOU'RE A GOOD BOY, I'LL GET YOU A YOUNG DOLL TO PLAY WITH THE NEXT TIME !!
The smart crooks... I'll see you both later!
THIS IS SHERIFF FOX !
THE NAME IS BARRY, SHERIFF — I'M OUT HERE ON A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT FOR INSPECTOR SCOTT !!
GLAD TO MEET YUH, SUH — I KNOW SCOTTY WELL — LEARNED ALL ABOUT GUMSHOEIN' FROM HIM 'BOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO !!
THEN AFTER RED TOLD HIS STORY
SO THE WHOLE THING TIES UP WITH THE SPADE SHOOTIN' ... WELL, YOU'RE THE BOSS, HOW DO YOU WANT T' HANDLE IT ?
MY SUGGESTION IS TO MOVE MRS. DEAN TO ANOTHER ROOM AND LET ME OCCUPY HERS TOMORROW NIGHT !!
THEY'RE BOUND TO RECOGNIZE YUH-SUPPOSIN' I LET CAPT. SHEA TAKE YOUR PLACE ?
NOTHIN' DOIN', SHERIFF — I WOULDN'T PASS UP THIS CHANCE FOR ANYTHING, AND THERE WON'T BE ANY RECOGNITION ... YOU SEE —
I FIGURE TO DO A LITTLE SHOOTING — IN SELF-DEFENSE !!
AS RED BARRY PREPARES TO LEAVE EL PASO, HE LEARNS OF THE ARRIVAL OF "FATS" MANNY AND "SMILER" DIRK, TWO OF MILANO'S GUNMEN WHOSE SOLE PURPOSE IS TO KIDNAP AND MURDER JOHNNY DEAN'S MOTHER ...
WHY TAKE RISKS WHEN WE CAN ARREST 'EM FOR HOUSE-BREAKIN' ?
THESE MEN ARE KILLERS, SHERIFF — THEY SHOULD BE SENT UP FOR A LONG STRETCH AND NOTHING SHORT OF KIDNAPING WILL DO IT !!
ARE Y'AIMIN' TO SHOOT 'EM DOWN ?
NOT UNLESS THEY FIRE FIRST — AND TO BE TRUTHFUL, I'M PRAYING THAT THEY DO !!
WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY WANT WITH MRS. DEAN ?
MILANO MADE ONE MISTAKE, SHERIFF, AND HE WANTS HER OUT OF THE WAY — SHE'S THE ONE PERSON WHO CAN SAVE HER BOY FROM THE CHAIR !!
TO PREVENT ANY SLIP-UP, SHERIFF, IT'S BEST THAT NONE OF YOUR MEN REMAIN ON THE OUTSIDE — WE DON'T WANT TO SCARE 'EM AWAY !!
WE CAN USE DOC SEELEY'S OFFICE AN' KEEP THE LIGHTS TURNED OFF !!
After midnight
On the road to Las Palmas..
I'M LEERY ABOUT THIS — RUBBIN' OUT OLD DAMES IS MY JINX !!
SHUT UP !
In the doctor's office....
REMEMBER, BOYS — NOT A SOUND !!
Upstairs, in the room formerly occupied by Mrs. Dean....
RED, YOUR AIM BETTER BE GOOD TONIGHT !

YA GOT THE CHLOROFORM HANDY?
IN MY POCKET—C'MON!
ALMAS
A MAN'S HAT AND COAT!
IT'S A TRAP!
YOU BET YOUR LIFE IT IS—START REACHIN' FOR THE STARS!
CRACK!!!
CRACK!!!
CRACK!!!
YOUR PRISONERS, SHERIFF, AND I TRUST THERE'S A MORGUE NEARBY!!
NICE SHOOTIN', SON!!
BUT JEST TH' SAME, YOUNG FELLER, THAT WAS A SUCKER STUNT, LEAVING YOUR HAT AND COAT WHERE THEY COULD SEE IT!!
SA-A-AY, ON SECOND THOUGHT, MAYBE YUH DONE IT ON PURPOSE?
WHAT DO YOU THINK, SHERIFF?
Will Gould
THEN AFTER AFFIDAVITS WERE SIGNED AND SWORN TO, TO THE EFFECT THAT THE TWO GUNMEN HAD BROKEN INTO MRS. DEAN'S ROOM INTENT ON KIDNAPING HER, BARRY AGAIN LEAVES TO JOIN EX-INSPECTOR SCOTT...
SO YOU'RE GOIN' BACK EAST AGAIN, HEY? WAL, CAN'T SAY AS I BLAME YUH, MISTUH—GUESS NOTHIN' MUCH EVER HAPPENS 'ROUN' HERE!!
MEANWHILE, AT THE EXECUTIVE OFFICES OF A GREAT INSURANCE COMPANY...
YOU MUST WONDER WHY I SENT FOR YOU SO SUDDENLY, JOHN?
OF COURSE, YOU KNOW THAT I'M NO LONGER CONNECTED WITH THE POLICE DEPARTMENT?
I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT, JOHN—YOU'VE DONE ME MANY A GOOD TURN IN THE PAST AND NOW I'M OFFERING YOU THE POST AS CHIEF INVESTIGATOR OF OUR CLAIM DEPARTMENT!!
THANKS VERY MUCH, BRAD, BUT OTHER OUTSIDE INTERESTS COMPEL ME TO TURN DOWN YOUR GENEROUS OFFER!!
THEN NOTHING MORE I CAN SAY WILL PERSUADE YOU TO ACCEPT MY OFFER?
SORRY, BRAD, WHEN THE SPADE MYSTERY IS WASHED UP, I'LL BE THROUGH WITH POLICE WORK FOR ALL TIME!!
THO' I HATE TO SAY IT, JOHN, THAT MAN SPADE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR MOST OF OUR GRIEF—HIS INSURANCE RACKETS COST US A YOUNG FORTUNE EACH YEAR!!
I KNOW THAT—MY HUNCH FROM THE START HAS HAS BEEN THAT HE WAS KILLED BECAUSE OF HIS ACTIVITY IN ILLEGAL RACKETS!!
THEN THIS SHOULD INTEREST YOU...IN AN EFFORT TO CUT DOWN ON THE HEAVY TOLL EACH YEAR, WE TURNED ABOUT AND SIGNED SPADE AT A TREMENDOUS FIGURE TO REPRESENT US LEGALLY!!
I'LL SAY IT INTERESTS ME...WHEN WAS THIS CONTRACT SIGNED?
THAT SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO REMEMBER—I'D SAY ABOUT THREE DAYS BEFORE HE WAS MURDERED!!
HAS SCOTTY FINALLY FOUND A REAL MOTIVE FOR THE CRIME...?
WITH RED BACK IN TOWN, THE UNDER-COVER MAN AND THE EX-INSPECTOR START TYING UP THE LOOSE ENDS OF THE SPADE MYSTERY...
Will Gould
SO IT TURNS OUT THAT MILANO GAVE THE DEAN KID MONEY TO SEND HIS SICK MOTHER TO A HEALTH RESORT!!
AND IN RETURN THE KID TOOK THE RAP FOR THE SPADE SHOOTING!
OR MAYBE HE WAS LED TO BELIEVE THAT HE DID IT?
THAT'S RIGHT—HE COULD HAVE PASSED OUT UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF LIQUOR AND THEN TOLD THAT HE WAS A MURDERER WHEN HE CAME TO!!
BUT WHY WOULD MILANO WANT THE MOTHER KILLED?
BECAUSE HE FOUND OUT THAT IF SHE EVER TESTIFIED, HER STORY WOULD CONTRADICT THE KID'S CONFESSED MOTIVE FOR THE CRIME!!
I DON'T GET YOU?
JOHNNY TOLD MRS. DEAN THAT THE MONEY FOR THE TRIP CAME FROM THE SALE OF AN INVENTION TO SPADE, WHEREAS, HIS CONFESSION READS THAT HE SHOT SPADE BECAUSE THE LAWYER ROBBED HIM OF AN INVENTION!!
YOU TOOK AN AWFUL CHANCE SHOOTING IT OUT WITH THOSE HOODS!!
I DIDN'T THINK OF IT THEN—I MUST HAVE GONE OUT OF MY HEAD WHEN I HEARD THEM PLOT TO KILL MRS. DEAN!!
AT ANY RATE, IT CUTS DOWN MILANO'S MOB BY TWO!!
YOU CAN SUBTRACT TWO MORE—I'M POSITIVE THAT THE SHOMISS AND BENNY, THE BOOM-BOOM, BOMBED HALSEY TRAIN'S HOME!!
Will Gould
FIRST WE'LL DO A LITTLE CONCENTRATING ON BLACKIE—NOW, THAT I HAVE THE REAL MOTIVE FOR THE SHOOTING!!
SAY—THAT IS NEWS—WHEN? HOW?
HERE'S THE SCENARIO—MILANO AND SPADE ARE WORKING AN INDEMNITY RACKET, WHEN SPADE SUDDENLY TELLS BLACKIE TO LAY OFF—BLACKIE THEN NOSES AROUND AND LEARNS THAT SPADE SOLD HIM SHORT BY SIGNING WITH A PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION—A SORT OF GUARANTEE AGAINST ANY MORE PHONY CLAIMS—MILANO THEN LIVES UP TO THE UNDER-WORLD CODE BY TREATING SPADE TO A DOSE OF LEAD!!

HOW DO WE GO ON FROM HERE?
WE TAKE SEPARATE PATHS, RED — YOU STICK WITH MILANO, WHILE I WORK FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE !!
WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BE SEEN TOGETHER ANYMORE, SO UNTIL WE'VE SMASHED THIS CASE, YOU'LL REPORT TO ME BY 'PHONE ONLY — I WANT TO BE ABLE TO SHOW THE GOVERNOR ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO DEMAND A NEW TRIAL FOR THE BOY !!
ALSO THE MOST IMPORTANT THING NEXT TO FIXING THE GUILT OF THE SPADE MURDER ON MILANO, IS TO LEARN ALL WE CAN ABOUT THE RED LEDGER — BUT BE VERY CAREFUL, BLACKIE WOULD CUT YOUR HEART OUT IF HE SUSPECTED ANYTHING !!
AND IF WE NEVER MEET AGAIN — GOOD LUCK !!
GOOD LUCK!
AND NOW THE GAME START'S WITH A NEW VENGEANCE...
THE STATE PRISON WHERE YOUNG JOHNNY DEAN AWAITS ELECTROCUTION FOR THE MURDER OF THE NOTED CRIMINAL LAWYER, SIMON SPADE...
JIM, DO YOU HONESTLY BELIEVE THE BOY COMMITTED THE CRIME?
TO LOOK AT HIM, I'D SAY NO, SCOTTY, BUT WE'VE HAD BABY-FACED KILLERS HERE BEFORE WHO WERE AS GUILTY AS BLAZES !!
IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE...
I THINK THIS IS ONE OF THE EXCEPTIONS AND YOU'D DO ME A GREAT FAVOR BY LETTING ME TALK TO HIM IN HERE — ALONE !!
I'M SORRY — I CAN'T DO THAT !!
COME, COME, JIM — UNWIND SOME OF THAT RED TAPE AND BE HUMAN FOR A CHANGE — DO ME THAT FAVOR !!
BRINGING CONDEMNED PRISONERS IN HERE IS AGAINST ALL PRISON RULES, SCOTTY, BUT I'LL DO IT FOR YOU !!
WHAT ARE THESE FOR?
A FRIEND WANTS TO SEE YOU — IN MY OFFICE !!
THE CONDEMNED JOHNNY DEAN...
THIS IS INSPECTOR SCOTT, JOHNNY — I'LL LEAVE YOU TWO ALONE !!
HELLO, SON!
WHY DID YOU DO IT, JOHNNY? I DON'T MEAN THE SHOOTING, I BELIEVE YOU'RE INNOCENT — I MEAN, WHY ARE YOU TAKING THIS RAP AND FOR WHOM?
LOOK, SON — THIS GRAY HEAD OF MINE — IT GOT THAT WAY AFTER MANY YEARS OF HARD WORK, BUILDING A REPUTATION WHICH I NO LONGER ENJOY... THE WARDEN WAS WRONG, JOHNNY, I'M AN EX-INSPECTOR BECAUSE — WELL, BECAUSE I BELIEVE YOU'RE INNOCENT — NOW TELL ME, SON, WHO IS BEHIND ALL THIS?
DON'T GET ME WRONG, SON, I FULLY APPRECIATE THE SACRIFICE YOU'VE MADE FOR YOUR MOTHER, BUT WHEN SHE FINALLY HEARS OF THIS, SHE'LL BE WORSE OFF THAN EVER — IT'LL KILL HER... YOU COULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN YOUR RIGHT MIND WHEN YOU AGREED TO SUCH A PROPOSITION !!
LISTEN TO ME, SON — ONE OF MY MEN VISITED YOUR MOTHER AT EL PASO AND SHE STILL DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT WE DID LEARN ONE THING FROM HER, JOHNNY —
YOU LIED IN YOUR CONFESSION — YOU LIED WHEN YOU SAID SIMON SPADE FLEECED YOU OUT OF A PATENT — NOW ANSWER ME — DIDN'T YOU?
THEN I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED — YOU WENT ON A PARTY WITH BLACKIE MILANO — THEY DRUGGED YOUR LIQUOR — AND WHEN YOU CAME TO YOU WERE TOLD THAT YOU HAD KILLED SPADE IN A DRUNKEN BRAWL !!
MILANO THEN GAVE YOU THE INVENTION ALIBI AND THE MONEY TO SEND YOUR MOTHER TO A HEALTH RESORT, PROVIDING YOU'D STICK TO THAT ALIBI!! SPEAK UP — FOR YOUR MOTHER'S SAKE, JOHNNY, ISN'T THAT WHAT HAPPENED?
I'M NOT A YOUNG MAN ANY MORE, SON — I'M TIRED — I CAN'T GO ON IF YOU WON'T HELP — YOUR SILENCE IS YOUR DEATH WARRANT, AND I'M AFRAID — YOUR MOTHER'S ALSO !!
TIME'S UP, SCOTTY — JOHNNY'S GOT ANOTHER VISITOR !!
THIS IS INSPECTOR SCOTT, MISS DEAN — HE'S BEEN WORKING ON YOUR BROTHER'S CASE, AND BELIEVES HE'S INNOCENT !!
THANK HEAVEN SOMEBODY BELIEVES IN HIM!! MAY I GO IN NOW?
MARY!
EVERYTHING'LL TURN OUT ALL RIGHT, JOHNNY!
BROTHER AND SISTER...
POOR KID!
YOU'RE WRONG, JIM — IN THERE...
—IS A MAN!

While Barry and Scott go their separate ways, let's take a look into the inner sanctum of Commissioner Trent, where he discusses the Halsey train-bombing with his society sleuth, Valentine Vane....

No sooner do I solve the **Spade Murder** than along comes the **Halsey Train Case**— I almost wish **Scott** was back here!!

But, my dear fellow, you cawn't do **that**, rahlly. You **cawn't**— I'm doing **splendid**, don't you think?

I think you're **guessing**, and that's all... just because **Benny, the Boom-Boom**, happens to be a **bomb-thrower**, you immediately fasten the guilt on **him**!!

Quite **right**, my dear fellow— the job was done by an **expert**. And I might add that Mr. Benjamin, the noise-maker, is quite **adept** at such things!

Ridiculous— why, Milano, himself, was here on a **good will** visit the **night** of the bombing— he swore that he and his boys had gone **straight**!

I believe he was spoofing you, old dear— just **spoofing**. Cheerio!!

This Valentine Vane is no sap!!

Now, that we've had a private peek at Commissioner Trent in action, let's go on with our story...

For every day has been the same since Inspector Scott resigned— dark and gloomy, **with no fair weather in view**—

At his fight gymnasium, where Milano spends most of his time...

What's the bad news?

What's abo't it, chief? What's abo't it?

Holy cats!

The Texas Rangers **got** "Fats" and "The Smiler"!!

You want I should go out dere, I'll **blow** down d'whole mountains. I'll **blow down**!!

Benny's a spendthrift— with **words**— he likes to say everything **twice**— even his **name's** in spades!!

Yuh said it, Keed, yuh said it!!

Red, how would you like to make a trip with the Boom-Boom to El Paso?

Is Milano going to ask Barry to do the very thing Red prevented the other two gunmen from doing?

El Paso? That's where them cactus coppers **shot** "Smiler" and "Fats" Manny!!

What about it?

It's a sucker stunt sending **us** out there— whoever you want **snatched** must be heavily **guarded** by now!!

Guess you're **right**, at that— if I only had a decent **mouthpiece** around here I can **trust**!

A **letter** for you, chief— I think it's from the **same guy**, I think!!

Is that daffydill **in again**?

What's up, Blackie?

This is the **third** note I've received from that cookie— he's a mouthpiece just come over from **London**— writes the same thing every time— "**I can help you**," and he signs it **Grimshaw**!

But he don't write no **address**, he don't write!!

Remember the name— **Grimshaw**— he is soon to become an all important factor in this story....

Complying with Scotty's request in an effort to get Johnny Dean to talk, the warden removes the condemned youth to a cell about six paces from the room with **the little gray door**....

It is shortly after midnight ... an ominous silence envelopes the prison walls like a fog in the night.....

33333

The sound of approaching footsteps reaches Johnny's cell... the chant of the litany falls on his ears...

33355

Somebody stumbles, staggers and almost falls..... the little gray door closes...

The lights grow dim... motors groan and groan again..... **A killer is paying his debt to society!!**

The day after Johnny Deans' baptism of fire, in the death house at state prison...

How did Rinaldo go the **last mile**?

It was the longest walk **he** ever took... he was all but **carried in**!!

And he was supposed to be **tough**... afraid of **nothing**... what a fable these gangsters spin about themselves!!

On the other hand, Paley, the **timid** little bank clerk, was **calm** up to the time the hood was fastened over his head!!

Now the kid knows what it's like... how did he **take it**?

Hard! He's refused all offers of **food**!!

That's the **reaction** I'm looking for... I'd like to see him— **now**!!

If he'll want to **see** you... and I have a hunch he **will**!!

Tough, wasn't it, Johnny? But don't feel **sorry** for Rinaldo... **his** kind never show any **mercy** when they're dishing it **out**!!

3335

That was the **real thing** last night, son... exactly five minutes after he walked thru that **little gray door**, they were performing an **autopsy** on him!!

Stop it!! You've bullied... pleaded... and last night—

Johnny Dean, did you shoot Simon Spade?

By all that's holy, Inspector Scott—!—

"I don't know!!"

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A startling revelation!!

I DON'T GET YOU, SON—YOU REALLY MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW WHETHER OR NOT YOU SHOT SIMON SPADE?
THAT'S THE TRUTH, SIR—YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT MILANO'S PARTY!!
AND YOU DID TAKE A DRINK!!
THE FIRST I EVER TOOK IN MY LIFE—I REMEMBER TALKING TO MR. SPADE, BUT THAT'S ALL!!
I SEE THINGS MORE PLAINLY NOW—POOR MOTHER—I—I'M FRIGHTENED!!
DON'T WORRY, SON—YOU'VE MESSED THINGS UP PRETTY BADLY, BUT I THINK IT CAN ALL BE STRAIGHTENED OUT!!
IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO—? HOW CAN I HELP?
BY KEEPING MUM ABOUT OUR CONVERSATION... IN THE MEANTIME, I'M GOING TO SEE THE GOVERNOR!!
LOOKS BAD FOR THE KID, JIM!
I SAID YOU WERE FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE!!
THANKS FOR THE FAVORS, JIM—PLEASE SEE THAT THE KID GETS ALL THE BREAKS—UNTIL!!
YOU BET, SCOTTY!
WHILE SCOTTY IS EN-ROUTE TO THE STATE CAPITOL, WE FIND BARRY KEEPING A WATCHFUL EYE ON MILANO..
ANOTHER NOTE—THAT GUY'S BEGINNING TO GET UNDER MY SKIN!!
WHAT DOES HE SAY THIS TIME?
THE SAME HOOEY—"I CAN HELP YOU" SIGNED, GRIMSHAW!!
BUT HE DON'T WRITE NO ADDRESS, HE DON'T WRITE!!
I'VE REVIEWED THE CASE SEVERAL TIMES, SCOTT—THE BOY'S A SELF-CONFESSED MURDERER AND THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT!!
I'M NOT ASKING FOR A PARDON, YOUR EXCELLENCY, MERELY FOR A STAY OF EXECUTION!!
HIS EXCELLENCY, THE GOVERNOR..
FOR WHAT? SO SOME SHREWD CRIMINAL LAWYER CAN MANUFACTURE SOME NEW EVIDENCE IN HIS FAVOR OR PERHAPS DIG UP A "FALL GUY"?
YOUR EXCELLENCY—I INTEND TO SHOW THAT YOUNG JOHNNY DEAN HAPPENS TO BE THE FALL GUY, HIMSELF, IN THIS CASE!!
YOU INTEND TO SHOW—YOU NO LONGER HAVE ANY STANDING—YOU QUIT UNDER FIRE—IN ARMY RANKS YOU WOULD BE TERMED A DESERTER!!
VERY WELL THEN, GOVERNOR—WE'LL TALK AS MAN TO MAN!!
THE GOVERNOR TOUCHES A SORE SPOT....
A LIFE IS AT STAKE AND THIS IS NO TIME TO MINCE WORDS—I KNOW THAT YOU'D SOONER PART WITH EVERYTHING YOU POSSESS RATHER THAN GIVE UP THIS CHAIR YOU'RE SITTING ON... YOU'RE GOING TO LISTEN TO ME AND LIKE IT!!
I'M SORRY, YOUR EXCELLENCY... MY SINCERITY GOT THE BETTER OF MY DIPLOMACY!!
HOLD ON!
JOHN SCOTT, I'M NOT THE LEAST BIT OFFENDED—I'M TO BLAME FOR TOUCHING A SORE SPOT THAT SHOULDN'T BE THERE—I ADMIRE A FIGHTER—NOW GIVE ME THE FACTS!!
TRENT WILL RUN FOR GOVERNOR ON THE STRENGTH OF HAVING SOLVED THE SPADE MURDER, THEREBY MAKING THIS STATE A FIT PLACE FOR DECENT CITIZENS TO LIVE IN... I INTEND TO PROVE THAT HE'S WRONG BY BRINGING THE REAL KILLER TO JUSTICE!!
A STAY OF EXECUTION IS ALL I ASK FOR!!
YOU SHALL HAVE IT!!
THE CONDEMNED YOUTH, NOW FULLY AWAKENED TO HIS FATE, NEARS THE BREAKING POINT..
ANOTHER PARADE WENT BY HERE LAST NIGHT—ALL I CAN HEAR IS SHUFFLING FEET AND MUMBLED PRAYERS!!
THEN THE DOOR CLOSES AND SOMETHING HAPPENS TO THE LIGHTS... I CAN'T STAND IT—I CAN'T STAND IT!!
355
YA SHOULDA TOUGHT A THAT BEFORE YA GUNNED THE MOUTHPIECE!!
HUSH YO' MOUF, WHITE BOY, YO' WAN' US ALL T'GIT KICKED OUT O' HEAH?
LAY OFF THE KID, CONGO!!
I'M NOT AFRAID TO DIE—WHY DON'T THEY GET IT OVER WITH?
LEAVE 'EM HESITATE, WHITE BOY—D-D-DEATH IS SO PERMANENT—YEAH, MAN!!
EASY, KID, EASY!
SHUT UP!
THAT'S THE COOKIE WHO PUT ME HERE!
WELL, IF IT AIN'T THE INSPECTOR OUT FOR A STROLL!!
WHEN YO' ALL COMES TO DAT LITTLE GRAY DO', SPECTOR, DON' STOP... JEST WALK RIGHT IN AN' HAVE A CHAIR!!
SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF FRIENDS HERE, SCOTTY!!
UNFORTUNATE BEGGARS—LISTEN TO THAT RABBLE!!
SON, INSPECTOR SCOTT HAS JUST RETURNED FROM THE STATE CAPITOL WITH A STAY OF EXECUTION FOR YOU!!
THE GOVERNOR HAS GIVEN ME ANOTHER MONTH TO PROVE YOUR INNOCENCE, JOHNNY, AND WITH A FEW BREAKS, I THINK WE CAN DO IT!!
MAYBE I'M NOT WORTH SAVING, INSPECTOR, BUT MOTHER IS—YOU'VE GOT TO DO IT FOR HER!!

WHILE EX-INSPECTOR SCOTT IS BREAKING THE TEMPORARY GOOD NEWS TO THE CONDEMNED YOUTH, BLACKIE MILANO ALSO HEARS OF THE GOVERNOR'S RESPITE, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MANY MOONS IS VERY MUCH CONCERNED...
I DON'T GET IT!! I THOUGHT THE KID DIDN'T HAVE A FRIEND — SOME POWERFUL ORGANIZATION MUST BE WORKING IN HIS BEHALF!!
MAYBE IT'S JUST THE GOVERNOR'S WAY OF SHOWING HIS CONTEMPT FOR THE COMMISSIONER — HE AND TRENT ALWAYS WERE POLITICAL ENEMIES!!
NO, THAT AINT IT!! HIS NIBS IS TOO MUCH OF A SQUARE-SHOOTER — THERE MUST BE A LEAK SOMEWHERE — WHAT NEW HOODS TIED UP WITH ME SINCE —?
THE BIG REDHEAD — I WONDER?
LATER THAT EVENING, BARRY LEAVES MILANO'S PLACE, UNAWARE THAT HE IS BEING SHADOWED BY BENNY, THE BOOM-BOOM....
DRIVE ABOUT TWO MILES DOWN TO THE SOUTH SIDE — WHEN YOU GET TO KELL STREET, CRUISE AROUND THE BLOCK SEVERAL TIMES AND PARK IN FRONT OF THE CIGAR STORE!!
OKE!
I WANT YOU SHOULD FOLLOW THAT CAR, I WANT!!
BARRY ARRIVES AT HIS DESTINATION, BUT HAS BEEN UNABLE TO SHAKE OFF THE PERSISTENT BOOM-BOOM!!
PICK ME UP AROUND THE CORNER — I'LL BE THERE IN FIVE MINUTES!!
SHERIFF FOX'S AFFIDAVIT TO THE EFFECT THAT MILANO'S MEN TRIED TO KIDNAP MRS. DEAN WILL HELP PLENTY, BUT IT STILL DOESN'T PROVE THAT JOHNNY DIDN'T SHOOT SIMON SPADE — DID ANYTHING BREAK ON THE RED LEDGER!!
ON THE OTHER END OF BARRY'S WIRE...
NOT A THING, SCOTTY, BUT MILANO HAS BEEN GETTING COMMUNICATIONS FROM A LAMISTER ENGLISH MOUTHPIECE BY THE NAME OF GRIMSHAW, WHO WANTS TO TIE UP WITH BLACKIE!!
THAT'S VERY INTERESTING!! ENCOURAGE HIM TO SEE THIS GRIMSHAW — IT MIGHT GET US SOME ACTION!!
Holy smokes!! If that wasn't Benny, the Boom-Boom, it was his twin brother....
SHOOT AROUND THE BLOCK — I WANT THAT GUY!!
DID BENNY OVERHEAR BARRY'S CONVERSATION?
HI THERE, BENNY!
WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' IN THIS PART OF TOWN? DON'T ANSWER — I KNOW!!
YOU'RE GOIN' FOR A LITTLE RIDE WITH ME, BENNY — NO SQUAWKS OR I'LL LET YA HAVE IT RIGHT HERE AND NOW!!
B-BUT-
I'M GONNA KILL YOU, ANYWAY!!
AS BARRY LEAVES THE 'PHONE BOOTH AFTER HIS TALK WITH SCOTT, HE CATCHES A FLEETING GLIMPSE OF BENNY THE BOOM-BOOM WHO HAD TRAILED HIM TO THAT SPOT....
SPEAK UP BEFORE I LEAVE FINGER-PRINTS ALL OVER YOUR THROAT... WHAT DID YOU HEAR?
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD YOU, YOU WOULDN'T!!
...A FEW MINUTES LATER, RED CORNERS BENNY IN A DARK ALLEY...
LET ME BE THE JUDGE OF THAT... TALK UP!!
I FOLLOWED YOU BECAUSE I'M ON YOUR SIDE, NOT BLACKIE'S!!
WHAT!
I WANTED TO MAKE SURE YOU WASN'T FOLLOWED BY ONE OF THE MOB... I'M TELLING YOU THE TRUTH, I'M TELLING!!
HOW DO I KNOW YOU ARE?
BECAUSE MILANO WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU LONG AGO, IF I TOLD HIM THAT I ONCE TAILED YOU TO INSPECTOR SCOTT'S PLACE!!
IN OTHER WORDS, YOU NEVER TOSSED A BOMB FOR MILANO... EVEN INTO HALSEY TRAIN'S HOME?
I NEVER T'REW A PINEAPPLE ON NOBODY, I NEVER T'REW... SAM, THE SHOMISS, FIXED UP TRAIN'S HOUSE!!
WELL, I'LL BE —!! WHERE DID YOU GET THE NAME OF BENNY, THE BOOM-BOOM?
WHEN I WAS FIGHTIN' IN THE STICKS, I USED TO HAVE A ONE-TWO PUNCH LIKE THIS... BOOM-BOOM!! — SO THE MINERS CALLED ME BENNY, THE BOOM-BOOM!!
THEN I CAME TO MILANO HE SHOULD MANAGE ME, I CAME... HE T'OUGHT I WAS D'REAL BENNY, THE BOOM-BOOM, SO WHEN HE ASKS ME IF I'M STILL T'ROWING PINEAPPLES, I SAID, "YEAH"... WHAT DID I GOT TO LOSE?! I T'OUGHT HE REALLY MEANT PINEAPPLES!!
STOP — YOU'RE KILLING ME!!
WELL, IT'S A WHOLE LOT BETTER THAN YOU SHOULD KILLING ME!!
WE CONTINUE WITH BENNY'S STORY TOMORROW....

YOU WANT TO GET AWAY FROM MILANO, DON'T YOU, BENNY?.. WELL YOU CAN DO THAT AND ALSO HELP SAVE AN INNOCENT KID'S LIFE!!
ASK ME ANYTHING AN I'LL TELL YOU ONE— TWO— THREE!!
DID BLACKIE BUMP LAWYER SPADE?
HONEST... I DON'T KNOW FOR SURE!!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE RED LEDGER?
NOTHING— ONLY I KNOW WHERE IT'S KEPT, I KNOW!!
I WANT THAT RED LEDGER, BENNY... IT'S THE KEY TO EVERYTHING... WHEN AND WHERE CAN I GET IT?
IT'S HIDDEN IN MILANO'S NIGHT CLUB, THE SILVER DIPPER... WE CAN BREAK IN WHEN THE JOINT CLOSES, ABOUT FOUR IN THE MORNING!!
SO THE NOTORIOUS RED LEDGER IS LOCKED IN A VAULT AT THE SILVER DIPPER?
YEAH... BLACKIE, ME AND BIG SID ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOWS ABOUT IT!!
WHO'S BIG SID?
HE'S THE FRONT MAN FOR MILANO... HE CLOSES UP THE PLACE, HE CLOSES!!
THE BARRED WINDOWS AND SHATTER-PROOF GLASS IS GONNA MAKE IT TOUGH FOR US TO CRASH, BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA, AN' IT MAY WORK... LISTEN...
FOUR A.M.... THE NEXT MORNING—
HELLO, BIG SID, YOU'RE JUST AFTER CLOSING, YOU'RE JUST?
HELLO, BENNY—YEAH, WE HAD A BIG PLAY LAST NIGHT!!
The Silver Dipper
Will Gould
DROP YOUR HANDS AT YOUR SIDES, BOTH OF YOU— GET UNDER THE CANOPY AND NO SQUAWKS!!
WHAT THA-!
YOU'RE GOING TO OPEN UP AGAIN BIG SHOT— I'M THROWIN' A PARTY!!
WHY THERE'S NOBODY HERE AT THIS HOUR!!
THAT MAKES IT PERFECT— UP THE STAIRS YOU GO AND KEEP 'EM UP— HIGH!!
I'LL GIVE YOU TEN SECONDS TO OPEN THE VAULT IN MILANO'S OFFICE— ONE....
Will Gould
YOU'LL BE KILLING AN INNOCENT MAN— I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE VAULT IS!!
NO?—THEN TRY ONE OF THE WALL PANELS— THE RIGHT ONE... THREE— FOUR...
BUT IF I SHOULD FIND IT— I COULDN'T OPEN IT— ONLY BLACKIE KNOWS THE COMBINATION!!
TAKE A CHANCE— MAYBE A MIRACLE WILL HAPPEN... FIVE— SIX...
DON'T MAKE ME DO IT— GIMME A BREAK— BLACKIE'LL KILL ME!!
...SEVEN— THAT'S YOUR HARD LUCK— EIGHT...
...NINE T-
DON'T SHOOT— I'LL DO IT— I'LL OPEN IT!!
IN A FEW SECONDS THE VAULT IS OPENED AND IT DISCLOSES AMONG OTHER THINGS, THE MYSTERIOUS RED LEDGER!!!
WITH BENNY, THE BOOM-BOOM, AS AN ABLE ACCOMPLICE, RED FORCES "BIG SID," A MILANO MOBSTER, TO OPEN THE VAULT WHEREIN IS HIDDEN THE MYSTERIOUS RED LEDGER...
IF IT'S DOUGH YOU'RE AFTER—
SHUT UP! MAKE THOSE KNOTS GOOD AND TIGHT, PUNK. YOU'RE NEXT!!
DROP IT!
WHY, YA-
THEN, TO AVOID SUSPICION, BENNY MAKES A FALSE PASS AT BARRY WITH A KNIFE.....
SAP!
OW!
...AND RED MAKES THE ACT LOOK GOOD BY GRAZING THE BOOM-BOOM'S HEAD WITH THE BUTT OF HIS AUTOMATIC...
AND NOW IF YOU GENTLEMEN WILL PERMIT ME, I SHALL RETURN TO THE VAULT!!
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TOMORROW THE SECRET OF THE RED LEDGER.....
GOOD HEAVENS!! THIS IS WHOLESALE BLACKMAIL!!
THE SECRET OF THE RED LEDGER!!
IF THE CONTENTS OF THIS LEDGER WERE EVER PUBLISHED, IT WOULD SHOCK THE NATION... IT LISTS SOME OF OUR MOST DISTINGUISHED CITIZENS WHO ONCE STRAYED FROM THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW, AND WERE NOT ALLOWED TO FORGET!!
SOCIETY LEADERS... STATESMEN... AND YES, HERE'S A WHOLE PAGE DEVOTED TO THE LATE HALSEY TRAIN!!
WHAT'S THIS? ROGUES GALLERY PHOTOGRAPHS OF TITAN, THE NOTED SCIENTIST... WHAT A HELL ON EARTH MILANO MUST HAVE MADE FOR THESE UNFORTUNATES... BUT I HAVE A PLAN!!
Will Gould

LEAVING "BIG SID" AND BENNY, THE BOOM-BOOM TIED AND GAGGED AT THE SILVER DIPPER, RED VISITS THE HOME OF MR. TITAN, ONE OF MILANO'S BLACK-MAIL VICTIMS··· IN ACCORDANCE WITH HIS PLAN, HE HAS LEFT THE RED LEDGER IN THE VAULT···
DO THESE ROGUES' GALLERY PHOTOS MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU, MR. TITAN?
MORE BLACKMAIL— AM I NEVER TO BE LEFT ALONE?
HAVE YOU A MATCH, PLEASE?
THERE MAY BE OTHER COPIES, BUT I DOUBT IT··· YOUR TROUBLES ARE ALMOST OVER!!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, NO, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!!
AND NOW, I WOULD LIKE YOUR KIND PERMISSION TO REMAIN···YOU CAN EXPECT AN IMPORTANT PHONE CALL ANY MOMENT!!
THANK HEAVEN!!
WILL GOULD
WHAT WERE YOU SAYING ABOUT A PHONE CALL?
I TOOK THOSE ROGUES' GALLERY PICTURES FROM MILANO'S VAULT··· HE WILL UNDOUBTEDLY TRY TO GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU··· I'M PRAYING THAT HE DOES!!
YOU ARE NATURALLY WONDERING HOW A MAN OF MY REPUTE EVER GOT INTO SUCH A MESS···IN MY YOUTH, I WORKED IN THE ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT OF A LARGE WESTERN FIRM··· THE CASHIER HAD BEEN EMBEZZLING THE COMPANY'S FUNDS AND IN SOME WAY MANAGED TO DOCTOR MY BOOKS···
···THE CASHIER COMMITTED SUICIDE, BUT THE COMPANY INSISTED THAT I MAKE GOOD THE DEFICIT··· AS I HAD NO FAMILY NOR FRIENDS, I WAS FORCED TO SPEND A TERM IN THE PENITENTIARY!!
IT WAS SIMON SPADE WHO FIRST TOLD ME OF THE EXISTENCE OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS!!
BR-R-R-R
WILL GOULD
···THE EXPECTED PHONE CALL?
IT'S MILANO!! WHAT SHALL I SAY?
TELL HIM TO CALL AT YOUR HOME AT TEN THIS EVENING··· THAT YOU'RE WILLING TO SETTLE THE MATTER FOR ALL TIME··· THAT YOU WILL BE ALONE!!
YES···TEN O'CLOCK, TONIGHT··· WE WILL BE ALONE!!
WILL GOULD
YOU NEED HAVE NO FEAR, MR. TITAN···WHAT I HAVE PLANNED FOR TONIGHT WILL EVENTUALLY PROVE TO BE MILANO'S UNDOING!!
I'LL FEEL SAFER WITH YOU AROUND!!
GET ME A ROD, BENNY··· AND MAKE SURE THERE'S A SILENCER ON IT!!
10 P.M. SHARP···A SILHOUETTED FIGURE PROWLS THE TERRACE OF THE SCIENTIST'S HOME····
SO THAT OLD FOOL THOUGHT I'D COME HERE TO TALK WITH HIM, EH···HE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!!
···STEALTHILY, THE SHADOWY FORM FINDS ITS WAY TO THE STUDY····
···AND THEN, TAKING CAREFUL AIM···
WILL GOULD
··· FIRES THREE MUFFLED SHOTS AT THE FIGURE IN THE CHAIR···
AFTER FIRING THREE SHOTS AT THE FIGURE IN THE CHAIR, THE KILLER STEALS AWAY INTO THE NIGHT···
WILL GOULD
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE DOING A JOB, YOURSELF···IT'S WELL DONE AND NOBODY KNOWS ABOUT IT!!
HE'S GONE, MR. TITAN···LET'S HAVE A LOOK!
NOTHING WRONG WITH MILANO'S SHOOTING···THREE BULLET HOLES IN THE DUMMY'S HEAD AND NOT MORE THAN A HALF INCH APART,!!
I SHUDDER TO THINK THAT I MIGHT HAVE BEEN M···
THEN FROM BEHIND THE CURTAINS···
RED BARRY'S RUSE!!
FOR THE TIME BEING, WE'LL LET MILANO THINK THAT HE REALLY SHOT YOU···THE FACT THAT THERE WILL BE NO REPORT OF THE "MURDER" IN THE NEWPAPERS, OR INVESTIGATIONS BY THE POLICE, WILL UNDOUBTEDLY DEMORALIZE HIM!!
I WOULD LIKE TO REWARD YOU··· WHAT DO YOU THINK A SUITABLE AMOUNT WOULD BE?
WHAT WAS YOUR LAST BLACKMAIL PAYMENT TO MILANO?
FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS···BUT I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME···TO WHOM SHALL I MAKE IT OUT?
WE'LL KEEP THE NAME A SECRET, BUT IF YOU INSIST ON PAYING A REWARD, PLEASE MAKE IT OUT TO THE POLICE WIDOWS' PENSION FUND!!
AM I A SAP?! THERE MUST BE RELATIVES WHO'LL PAY TO KEEP TITAN'S PAST OUT OF THE PAPERS··· I'M SCRAMMIN' BACK!!
WILL GOULD
HALFWAY HOME, MILANO REALIZES THAT HE DID NOT RECOVER THE ROGUES' GALLERY PHOTOS···

WITH THE INTENTION OF BLACKMAILING TITAN'S FAMILY, NOW THAT THE SCIENTIST IS "DEAD", BLACKIE MILANO DECIDES TO RECOVER THE ROGUES' GALLERY PHOTOS....
HE SAID HE'D BE ALONE— CHANCES ARE THE BODY WON'T BE DISCOVERED BEFORE MORNING !!
AND THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN FREE THIS BOY, JOHNNY DEAN, IS TO FORCE MILANO INTO A DIRECT CONFESSION !
THAT'S ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT ... MILANO COVERED HIS TRACKS WELL ... WE'VE GOT TO PLAY OUR CARDS VERY DELICATELY !!
I HEAR THE NOISE OF A MOTOR OUTSIDE— YOU'RE NOT EXPECTING ANYONE AT THIS HOUR !!
WHY, NO !! WHO CAN IT BE ?
I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT OUR FRIEND MILANO HAS RETURNED FOR THE PHOTOS — LET'S TURN ON EVERY LIGHT IN THE HOUSE ... HURRY !!
THERE'S A BREAK FOR YA ... THE BODY'S BEEN DISCOVERED ... I BETTER BREEZE BEFORE THE BULLS GET HERE !!
HE'S GONE ... THE LIGHTS FRIGHTENED HIM AWAY !!
I DON'T SUPPOSE HE'LL BE BACK AGAIN TONIGHT ... BY MORNING I SHALL HAVE THE GROUNDS WELL GUARDED !!
LATER .. RED BARRY MAKES HIS REPORT TO EX-INSPECTOR SCOTT ...
YES, SCOTTY, I'VE LEARNED THE SECRET OF THE RED LEDGER AND I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON IT ANY TIME I WANT TO ... WHOLESALE BLACKMAIL, AS WE FIGURED, AND SOME OF THE BIG SHOTS INVOLVED WOULD KNOCK YOUR EYE OUT !!
NOT A WORD ABOUT THE BUMP-OFF !! WHAT IS THIS ? I KNOCK A FAMOUS MUGG OVER AND THE PAPERS DON'T EVEN GIVE IT A LINE !!
THE NEXT MORNING, A TREMBLING MILANO SEARCHES THE HEADLINES FOR REPORTS OF TITAN'S "DEATH." ...
2 DAYS AFTER THE "SHOOTING" OF MR. TITAN ...
NOT A LINE ABOUT THE BUMP-OFF .. HE MUST BE DEAD—HE DIDN'T MOVE AFTER THE FIRST SLUG HIT HIM !!
SOMEBODY MUST'VE FOUND THE BODY BY NOW—WEREN'T THE LIGHTS TURNED ON AN HOUR LATER ? DEAD MEN DON'T LIGHT NO LIGHTS !!
BR-R BR-R
HELLO ... WHO ? TITAN !! HOLY SMOKE !! ARE Y-YOU SURE IT'S YOU ? I-I MEAN— I'LL CALL YOU BACK LATER !!
I WENT AN' KILLED THE WRONG GUY !!
RED'S RUSE BEGINS TO TAKE EFFECT ..
EVERYTHING'S GOIN' HAYWIRE—I GOTTA GET ME A MOUTHPIECE !!
WHERE THE BLAZES YOU BEEN ? WHEN I NEED YOU MUGS YOU'RE NEVER AROUND !!
TAKE IT EASY, BLACKIE. I GOT A NOTE FOR YA— A CAB-DRIVER OUTSIDE HANDED IT TO ME !!
IT SAYS, " If you are interested in my proposition, the taxi-driver will bring you to my quarters ... This is the last time you will hear from me— GRIMSHAW !! "
COME ON, RED — LET'S SEE WHAT THIS LIMEY LAWYER'S GOT TO OFFER !!
MILANO AND RED LEAVE WITH THE TAXI DRIVER FOR GRIMSHAW'S HEAD-QUARTERS ..
WHERE'S THIS GUY TAKIN' US ?
I DUNNO — THIS IS EITHER CHINA, OR CHINATOWN !!
HERE'S WHERE WE GET OUT, GENTS !!
THIS WAY, GENTS !!
HOW DO YOU DO, GENTLEMEN ?
THE MYSTERIOUS GRIMSHAW !!
WHICH ONE OF YOU GENTLEMEN IS BLACK MILANO ?
I'M MILANO— THE REDHEAD'S MY BODY-GUARD !!
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE STARTLED BY THESE SURROUNDINGS ... IN LONDON I HAD MY QUARTERS IN THE LIMEHOUSE DISTRICT ... MANY OF THESE PEOPLE HERE ARE MY FRIENDS !!
WHILE RED TAKES NO ACTIVE PART IN THE CONVERSATION, HE WATCHES GRIMSHAW LIKE A HAWK ... WHERE HAS HE SEEN THAT FACE BEFORE ?
WHILE GRIMSHAW, MILANO AND RED BARRY ARE GETTING ACQUAINTED, THE SCENE SHIFTS TO THE LAS PALMAS SANITARIUM IN EL PASO ...
HOW IS MRS. DEAN FEELING TODAY, MISS TREVETT ?
FINE, DR. SEELEY, SHE'S COMING ALONG SPLENDIDLY !!
GOOD GRIEF ! WHAT WAS THAT ?
O-H-H-H !
IT CAME FROM MRS. DEAN'S ROOM !!

GOOD HEAVENS!! WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
SHE'S PASSED OUT!!
FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS, SHE WAS OPENING THIS PACKAGE WHEN THE FAINTING SPELL CAME ON!!
AT LAST THE THING I DREADED MOST HAS HAPPENED...THE THOUGHTLESS FOOL WHO SENT THE POOR WOMAN THESE COOKIES SHOULD BE COMMITTED TO A DUNGEON FOR LIFE!!
LOOK!! PART OF THE INSIDE WRAPPER IS A NEWSPAPER PAGE TELLING OF HER BOY'S SENTENCE TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!!
Will Gould
I WANT YOU TO SEND A WIRE TO MARY DEAN TO COME AT ONCE... HER MOTHER IS DYING!!
YES, DR. SEELEY!
A FEW HOURS LATER, AT THE CLOVERDALE DEPOT... MARY DEAN AND "POP" HOGAN...
WHY SHOULD ALL THIS MISFORTUNE FALL ON US? WHY?
KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP, MARY, I HAVE A LOT OF FAITH IN THAT REDHEADED YOUNG MAN!!
THE DEATH CORRIDOR AT THE STATE PRISON...
WHA'CHA DOIN', JOHNNY, WRITIN' TO THE OL' LADY?
DON'T FORGET TO TELL 'ER THAT THE CHOW AIN'T EVEN FIT FOR A COP TO EAT!!
DON PAY NO 'TENTION TO DEM, WHITE BOY—DEY WON' BOTHER YO' AFTER NEX' WEEK!!
IS MOTHER STILL GETTING MY LETTERS...WITH THE CLOVERDALE POST-MARK?
YES, JOHNNY, EVERY ONE OF THEM!!
SOMEHOW I FEEL THAT SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG...MAYBE IT'S MY NERVES, BUT I ALWAYS FEEL BETTER WHEN THE CHAPLAIN VISITS ME!!
I KNOW, SON— I'LL ASK HIM TO COME TO YOUR CELL!!
Meanwhile, MILANO AND BARRY DISCUSS THEIR RECENT ENCOUNTER WITH GRIMSHAW..
DOBS THAT, LIMEY MOUTHPIECE KNOW HIS STUFF—BOY, OH, BOY! HE MAKES SPADE LOOK LIKE A CHEAP SHYSTER!!
I DIDN'T KNOW SPADE WORKED WITH YOU, BLACKIE.
SKIP IT!
THE UNEASY MILANO PAYS GRIMSHAW A SECOND VISIT, WITH RED ALONG AS A BODY-GUARD...
IN ALL THEM NOTES I GOT, IT SAID YOU COULD HELP ME— HOW ABOUT IT?
THAT IS CORRECT— NOW WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
THAT KID WHO BUMPED LAWYER SPADE MUST GO TO THE HOT SEAT WHEN HIS REPRIEVE IS UP!!
WHY NOT FORGET IT? WHY SHOULD YOU WORRY ABOUT IT?
WELL—ER—I KNOW THE KID DONE IT AN' SPADE WAS MY PAL... I GOTTA MAKE SURE HE DON'T GET ANY MORE LAST MINUTE STAYS!!
AS AN OFFHAND SUGGESTION, AND IF YOU HAVE THE NERVE, KIDNAPING THE GOVERNOR ON THE EVE OF THE EXECUTION MIGHT TURN THE TRICK FOR YOU!!
SNATCH HIS NIBS, EH? NOT A BAD IDEA— NOT A BAD IDEA!!
A CHILL RUNS DOWN THE UNDERCOVER MAN'S SPINE AT GRIMSHAW'S BRAZEN PLAN... HE MUST RELAY THE INFORMATION TO SCOTTY AT ONCE!!
YES, KIDNAPING THE GOVERNOR ON THE EVE OF THE EXECUTION MAY BE THE SOLUTION TO YOUR PROBLEM...THINK IT OVER... IN THE MEANTIME I SHALL WORK OUT A PLAN FOR A BIG JEWEL ROBBERY!!
SAY, YOU'RE OKAY! EVEN WITH THAT CHOP SUEY OUTFIT!!
A CIGAR, MY FRIEND?
HOURS LATER, RED REMOVES THE WRAPPER FROM GRIMSHAW'S CIGAR, AND FINDS A NOTE INSIDE...
IT SAYS, DO NOT 'PHONE TONIGHT"... I WONDER IF THIS WAS MEANT FOR ME?
HOLY SMOKE!! IF IT IS, IT MEANS THAT GRIMSHAW IS HEP TO MY CONNECTION WITH INSPECTOR SCOTT... I'LL PHONE SCOTTY ON SCHEDULE!!
PASSING UP THE WARNING FOUND IN THE WRAPPER OF GRIMSHAW'S CIGAR, RED DECIDES TO CALL SCOTTY ON SCHEDULE...
HELLO—HELLO, OPERATOR...YOU SAY NOBODY ANSWERS? TRY IT AGAIN, PLEASE!!
THE NUMBER IS HUNTER 3-3-5-0...NO ANSWER, EH? THANK YOU!!
THAT SETTLES IT!! GRIMSHAW MUST BE HOLDING SCOTTY PRISONER... IN THE MEANTIME HE FIGURES TO TOY WITH ME UNTIL HE'S READY TO SPILL THE BEANS TO MILANO...
WELL, I'LL JUST BEAT HIM TO 'THE PUNCH'... I'M GOING AFTER GRIMSHAW!

WHILE RED STARTS OUT FOR GRIMSHAW'S CHINATOWN QUARTERS, LET'S CUT BACK TO THE Las Palmas Sanitarium..
TELL ME THE WORST, DR. SEELEY. I THINK I CAN STAND IT !!
TRUTHFULLY, MISS DEAN, I'D SAY YOUR MOTHER HAS AN EXCELLENT CHANCE OF PULLING THRU... YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE HER IN A DAY OR SO !!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT - IN HER CONDITION, I THOUGHT THE SHOCK WOULD SURELY KILL HER... IT'S A MIRACLE THAT SHE'S LIVED THRU IT ALL !!
IT'S NO MYSTERY TO A WOMAN, DOCTOR... MOTHER KNOWS HOW TO FIGHT - FOR HER JOHNNY !!
ON THE FIRE ESCAPE AT GRIMSHAW'S HIDEOUT...
?
AND QUICKER THAN IT TAKES TO TELL IT, RED FORCES THE WINDOW AND HURLS HIMSELF AT THE UNSUSPECTING GRIMSHAW..
WHAT DID YOU MEAN BY THAT NOTE IN THE CIGAR WRAPPER?
IF YOU'LL TAKE YOUR FINGERS OFF MY WIND-PIPE -
I PRESUME YOU ARE HERE BECAUSE OF INSPECTOR SCOTT?
SO YOU'RE A MIND-READER, HUH? WHAT ELSE DO YOU KNOW?
IF YOU'LL GIVE ME BUT A MOMENT, I SHALL SEND THE GOOD INSPECTOR SCOTT IN TO YOU, BUT YOU MUST REMAIN IN THIS ROOM !!
GO AHEAD - BUT DON'T TRY ANY PHONY MOVES - THE JOINT'S SURROUNDED !!
HELLO, YOU REDHEADED BABOON !!
SCOTTY!
WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, SCOTTY? IS GRIMSHAW HOLDING YOU HERE?
HOW DOES IT LOOK TO YOU?
WHERE DID HE GO? HE MUST BE LISTENING TO OUR CONVERSATION !!
WAIT... I'LL ASK HIM TO COME IN !!
NOW THAT YOUR CURIOSITY HAS BEEN SATISFIED, I MUST WARN YOU -
YOU'RE IN NO POSITION TO WARN ANYBODY !! I TOLD YOU THE PLACE IS SURROUNDED. NOW RELEASE SCOTT AT ONCE !!
VERY WELL, MY BOLD BUCKAROO... YOU'RE ASKING FOR IT !!
WHAT'S GRIMSHAW'S NEXT MOVE?
HE'S PROBABLY CHECKING UP TO SEE IF THE PLACE IS REALLY SURROUNDED... IF HE FINDS THAT IT'S A GAG, SCOTTY AND I ARE GONERS !!
WHAT THE - WHERE'S GRIMSHAW?
RIGHT HERE. ME PROUD BEAUTY... HEH-HEH... CHOP SUEY GOWN, EYE MASK, MUSTACHE AND ALL !!
SCOTTY - DO-YOU-MEAN - THAT - YOU'RE - GRIMSHAW?
NOBODY ELSE !!
KETCH!
HOORAY FOR SCOTTY !!
AFTER ALMOST CHOKING THE LIFE OUT OF EX-INSPECTOR SCOTT, RED LEARNS TO HIS AMAZEMENT THAT SCOTTY IS REALLY GRIMSHAW!
YOU PUT ONE OVER ON ME THAT TIME - HOW DID YOU DO IT?
WELL, FIRST OF ALL, I HAD MY HEAD SHAVED CLEAN, THEN I PUT ON THE WEEPING WILLOW MUSTACHE AND AS A FINISHING TOUCH, REMOVED THE OL' BRIDGEWORK !!
BUT YOUR HAIR -?
IS MY OWN - I HAD A WIG MADE OUT OF IT !!
LOOK !!
WELL, YOU REDHEADED BABOON! HOW DO YA THINK YOU'D LOOK WITH YOUR SCALP LIFTED?
HA-HA-HA - OH, SCOTTY - HA-HA!!
HOW DID MILANO GO FOR MR. GRIMSHAW?
HOOK, LINE AN' SINKER... HE THINKS YOU'RE TOPS !!
THAT'S GREAT !! I'VE GOT TO GAIN HIS CONFIDENCE AND LOOSEN UP HIS TONGUE... ONE SLIP AND JOHNNY DEAN GOES TO THE CHAIR !!
HE'S PRACTICALLY SITTING IN IT NOW... NOT MUCH MORE TIME LEFT, SCOTTY !!
I GET THE SHAKES WHEN I THINK OF IT, BUT I'M SURE THE GOVERNOR WILL GRANT ANOTHER RESPITE... HE'S GOT TO !!
THERE'S SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR !!
YOU HIDE BEHIND THE CURTAINS WHILE I PUT ON THE GRIMSHAW DISGUISE !!

WHOM DO YOU WISH TO SEE ?
I'M LOOKING FOR A REDHEADED GUY, I'M LOOKING !!
AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE'S HERE ?
There is the shadow expert of the century...
I SEEN HIM GO UP WITH MY OWN EYES, I SEEN HIM !!
WHAT'S UP, BENNY ?
IS IT ALL RIGHT TO SPEAK IN FRONT OF THIS FAKE CHINYMAN ?
QUITE ALL RIGHT— I AM HIS FRIEND !
I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT IT— BUT MILANO IS HOLDING A SECRET MEETING WITH ALL HIS GORILLAS... I THOUGHT BETTER I SHOULD TIP YOU OFF ON ACCOUNT HE DIDN'T ASK YOU TO BE THERE !!
WILL GOULD

SO MILANO HAS CALLED IN ALL HIS ROD-MEN, HUH ? WAS MY NAME MENTIONED ?
SAM, THE SHOMISS, SAID, "WHERE'S THE REDHEAD?" BUT BLACKIE, HE DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN', HE DIDN'T !!
THANKS FOR THE TIP, BENNY, AND WATCH OUT FOR MILANO... HE'LL KILL YOU SURE AS SHOOTIN' !!
WHAT DO I GOT TO LOSE, WHAT ?
SCOTTY, YOU DON'T THINK BLACKIE WOULD ACTUALLY TRY TO SNATCH THE GOVERNOR ?
I CERTAINLY HOPE HE MAKES A STAB AT IT— THERE'S NOTHING LIKE PARADING HIS GUILT TO THE GOVERNOR'S FRONT DOOR !!
HOW ABOUT A LITTLE LIQUID REFRESHMENT TO LOOSEN HIS TONGUE ? SAY, A PARTY HERE IN HIS HONOR WITH DICTAPHONES PLANTED !!
HE'S TOO SMART FOR THAT— IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF DAYS NOW AND HE'LL BE ON HIS GUARD... I'M HOPPING A SLEEPER TONIGHT FOR THE STATE CAPITAL— I MUST GET ANOTHER STAY OF EXECUTION !!

WHILE EX-INSPECTOR SCOTT PLEADS WITH THE GOVERNOR FOR ANOTHER STAY OF EXECUTION, LET US PROCEED TO THE STATE PRISON WHERE PREPARATIONS ARE BEING MADE FOR THE GRIM BUSINESS OF DEATH !!
YOU MEAN YOU REFUSE TO GO AHEAD WITH THE EXECUTION, DIKER ?
REFUSE ISN'T THE WORD, WARDEN, I JUST CAN'T— MY NERVE'S GONE— I'D PASS OUT BEFORE I COULD THROW THE SWITCH !!
WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU ? YOU'RE NO NOVICE— THE STATE STILL PAYS WELL !!
THE STATE HASN'T ENOUGH THIS TIME, WARDEN— I'VE SEEN THAT BOY'S FACE IN MY DREAMS EVERY NIGHT FROM THE DAY HE WAS SENTENCED !!
I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID DREAMS— I MEANT NIGHT-MARES !! WHEN I SHOULD BE SLEEPING, I KEEP TOSSING AND TURNING, AND WITH EVERY MOVE I HEAR A MOTHER'S VOICE SCREAMING, "MURDERER"!!
MURDERER— MURDERER— MURDERER !!

LET ME TALK TO WARDEN HAWKS... HELLO, CHARLEY, THIS IS JIM KELCEY... I'VE GOT TO BORROW STRUNK FOR THE JOHNNY DEAN EXECUTION... YEP, DIKER WALKED OUT ON ME— HIS NERVE'S GONE !!
HOW D'YA FEEL, KID ? D'YA THINK YA CAN MAKE IT STANDIN' UP ?
I'M NOT WORRIED— I'LL NEVER GO TO THE CHAIR !!
DID YA HEAR TH' PUNK ? RINALDO SAID TH' SAME THING, AN' SO DID BUGS RYAN, BUT THEY BOINED JUST TH' SAME !!
YEAH, AN' THAT'S WHAT YOU AN' ME IS SAYIN' TO OURSELVES RIGHT NOW— ONLY WE AIN'T ADMITTIN' IT !!
I'VE GOT BAD NEWS, RED— THE GOVERNOR REFUSES TO INTERVENE— THE KID GOES !!

SO THE GOVERNOR REFUSED ANOTHER RESPITE ?
YES, THERE WASN'T ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO LINK MILANO WITH THE CRIME OR TO PROVE THE KID'S INNOCENCE !!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE THOUSAND DOLLARS HE GAVE JOHNNY ? WHAT ABOUT THE TWO HOODS HE SENT OUT TO EL PASO TO SNATCH MRS. DEAN ?
I TOLD HIM THAT, BUT HE INSISTED IT STILL DIDN'T PROVE THAT JOHNNY DIDN'T DO THE SHOOTING !!
LOOK, SCOTTY— LET ME GET AT MILANO ALONE— I'LL TEAR HIM LIMB FROM LIMB— I'LL GET A CONFESSION OUT OF HIM !!
I'M AFRAID NOT, RED— I THINK THAT HOMBRE CAN TAKE IT !!
BUT, SCOTTY, ARE WE GOING TO STAND BY AND LET THE KID BURN ?
RED, I THINK MILANO IS JUST CRAZY ENOUGH TO TRY AND KIDNAP THE GOVERNOR— IF HE DOES, WELL—

WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE MILANO'S CALLED IN HIS GUNMEN ?
NOTHING SERIOUS I GUESS— HE'S PROBABLY TELLING THEM WHAT A GREAT GUY GRIMSHAW IS AND ABOUT THE IMPENDING "JEWEL ROBBERY"!!
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT TO ME IT'S THE LULL BEFORE THE STORM— THINGS ARE TOO QUIET !!
THEN DROP IN ON HIM— TELL HIM YOU WANT SOME ACTION— YOU MAY FIND OUT WHAT HE'S UP TO !!
MEANWHILE, AT Las Palmas Sanitarium...
DOCTOR, I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT— MOTHER DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ME !!
MY CHILD, IN A WAY IT'S A BLESSING— I'M AFRAID SHE'S LOST HER MEMORY !!
WHAT'LL I DO ? WHAT'LL I DO ?
I'D SUGGEST THAT YOU FLY BACK IMMEDIATELY— YOUR BROTHER WILL NEED YOU !!

LOOKS KINDA BAD, KID-AINTCHA HEARD ANYTHING YET?
WHEN ARE THEM FRIENDS COMIN' THRU FOR YA, JOHNNY? THEY AIN'T MUCH TIME LEFT!!
KIN I HAVE THEM CIGARETTES, KID?
AH HATES T'ASK YO' AT A TIME LIKE DIS, WHITE BOY, BUT IF YO' AINT EATIN' DAT LAST MEAL, PLEASE MAKE IT PO'K CHOPS!!
CONGO, I HOPE YA CHOKE WIT' TH' FIRST BITE!!
WARDEN!! LET ME OUT OF HERE!! MOTHER - MARY - INSPECTOR SCOTT!!
THERE HE GOES!
THE KID'S CRACKIN'!
RED RETURNS FROM BLACKIE MILANO'S HEAD-QUARTERS...
DID YOU SEE MILANO?
NO, SCOTTY - I COULDN'T LOCATE HIM ANYWHERE - EVEN BENNY, THE BOOM-BOOM'S GONE!!
WELL, WE'VE GOT NO TIME TO LOSE, RED - SLIP THIS MASK OVER YOUR HEAD AND COME INSIDE - MY UNDERCOVER SQUAD'S IN THE NEXT ROOM!!
THEN AFTER A SECRET CONFERENCE.....
OFFICIALLY, GENTLEMEN, I HAVE NO RIGHT TO ASK ANYTHING OF YOU - BUT I KNOW THAT YOU'RE REAL MEN, TRIED AND TESTED, AND THAT YOU'LL COME THRU AS YOU ALWAYS HAVE, IN THE NAME OF HUMANITY... AN INNOCENT LIFE IS AT STAKE - WE MUST NOT FAIL!!
AT THE GOVERNOR'S HOME....
DON'T MAKE IT HARDER FOR ME, SCOTT - I CAN'T LET MY FEELINGS INTERFERE WITH MY SENSE OF DUTY!!
YOUR EXCELLENCY, ALL I ASK IS FOR ANOTHER FORTY-EIGHT HOURS!!
I'VE ALREADY GIVEN YOU TEN TIMES THAT AMOUNT... IF I GRANT YOUNG DEAN ANOTHER RESPITE, I MUST DO LIKEWISE FOR EVERY CONDEMNED MURDERER AT THE DEATH-HOUSE!!
DON'T MOVE, GENTLEMEN!!
THEN FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN....
YOU WILL COME QUIETLY - I HAVE ENOUGH DYNAMITE IN MY PORTFOLIO TO BLOW THIS HOUSE TO KINGDOM COME!!
WITH THE EXECUTION OF YOUNG JOHNNY DEAN SET FOR AN HOUR JUST BEFORE DAWN, WE FIND THE FOLLOWING SCENE TAKING PLACE AT THE GOVERNOR'S HOME.....
It is 9:00 P.M. on the eve of the execution....
Will Gould
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER GUY?
HE TRIED TO PULL THE MASK OFF MY FACE AND I LET HIM HAVE IT WITH THE GUN-HANDLE!!
ALL RIGHT MEN - DON'T FORGET, PLENTY OF THAT ADHESIVE ACROSS THE EYES AND MOUTH, AND DON'T SPARE ANY OF THAT COTTON IN THE EARS EITHER!!
WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE SERVANTS, STEVE?
WE'VE GOT 'EM TRUSSED UP IN THE BOILER-ROOM - SAME AS THEY'D BEEN IN STRAIT-JACKETS!!
THE KIDNAP CAR SOON STEALS OFF INTO THE NIGHT WITH SCOTTY AND THE GOVERNOR THE MAIN OCCUPANTS....
IF THE BULLS GET IN OUR WAY, LET 'EM HAVE IT!!
Six hours left for Johnny Dean.....
ANY NEWS, KID?
NOPE - BUT I'M NOT WORRYING... EVERYTHING'LL COME OUT ALL RIGHT!!
I HOPE SO, KID!!
DON'T WORRY, HYMIE - MY FRIENDS ARE AT THE GOVERNOR'S HOME RIGHT THIS MINUTE... WHEN HE HEARS THE TRUE FACTS, HE'LL BE GLAD TO GIVE ME A PARDON!!
WARDEN HAWKS, PLEASE... THIS IS JIM KELCY, CHARLEY... NOPE - THE KID HASN'T GOT A CHANCE... I'D TRADE JOBS WITH A BEGGAR TONIGHT - I CAN SEE NOW WHY DIKER WALKED OUT ON ME... OKAY - HAVE STRUNK BRING HIS CREDENTIALS!!
5 HOURS LEFT FOR JOHNNY DEAN..
DRIVE DOWN RED LANTERN ALLEY!!
THEN AFTER THE KIDNAPERS ARRIVE AT THEIR HIDEOUT....
TELL THE BOYS TO STAY ON GUARD OUTSIDE... I WANNA TALK TO HIS NIBS!!
OKAY, BOSS!
FIRST OF ALL, GENTLEMEN, LET ME ASSURE YOU THAT NO HARM WILL COME TO YOU... THIS IS JUST A LITTLE ESCAPADE ON THE PART OF ME AND THE BOYS....
LATER, OR TO BE EXACT, AT DAYBREAK, WE SHALL DO A LITTLE CELEBRATING - HEH-HEH - AND IF YOU CAN WORK THAT ADHESIVE OFF YOUR LIPS, GENTLEMEN, YOU WILL JOIN US IN A TOAST... TO JUSTICE!!

5 HOURS LEFT FOR JOHNNY DEAN !!
WHEN YOU FELLOWS FIRST SAW ME, DID YOU REALLY THINK I WAS A KILLER ? I MEAN IT... DID YOU REALLY ? I MEAN IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THE CASE AND YOU JUST MET ME, WOULD YOU THINK SO ?...
..BECAUSE I REMEMBER ONE TIME WHEN I WENT ON A PICNIC... JUST MOTHER, MARY AND MYSELF... AND THIS BEAUTIFUL BUTTERFLY CAME NEAR US... MARY ASKED ME TO CATCH IT AND I DID - BUT I CUPPED MY HANDS KINDA HARD ... AND THE POOR THING DIED.....
...I WOULDN'T ADMIT IT TO ANYONE ELSE, BUT THAT NIGHT I CRIED LIKE A BABY... I'M NOT ASHAMED NOW, BUT I CRIED BECAUSE I ACCIDENTLY KILLED A BUTTERFLY... YET-YET SOME PEOPLE REALLY BELIEVE THAT I COULD KILL A HUMAN BEING !!
BUT-BUT-YOU FELLOWS-AREN'T-LISTENING !!
Will Gould
MIDNIGHT.. 4 hours before the state exacts its penalty from young Johnny Dean for the murder of Lawyer Spade !!
Will Gould
D'WARDEN'S COMIN' DOWN D'AISLE, WHITE BOY... LOOKS LIKE YO' GOT SHO 'NOUGH GOOD NEWS !!
IS IT A PARDON, WARDEN ?...DID THE GOVERNOR SEND ME A PARDON ?
NOT YET, SON.... A FRIEND IS HERE TO SEE YOU IN MY OFFICE... POP HOGAN !!
POP HOGAN !! GOSH! AM I GLAD TO SEE HIM !?
IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE....
JOHNNY!
POP!
MARY WILL BE HERE LATER, LAD... SHE MAY BRING THE GOVERNOR !!
SHE'S WONDERFUL, ISN'T SHE, POP ?
Will Gould
MARY DEAN, THE BOY'S SISTER, OVER-COME WITH GRIEF, IS UNABLE TO MAKE THE SORROWFUL EXPEDITION, HENCE THE OLD MAN'S HUMANE LIE.....
THE BEST SISTER A FELLOW EVER HAD... AND LOOK, POP, WHEN I GET OUT OF HERE, WE'RE GOING ON ONE OF OUR OLD TIME PICNICS... JUST YOU, MOTHER, MARY AND MYSELF !!
POP !! POP !! WHAT'S THE MATTER ?
But the futility of the boy's hopes proves too much for the staunch old Irishman....
WARDEN !! WHAT IS IT ? WHAT'S THE MATTER ?
WHILE POP HOGAN SAYS HIS FAREWELL TO JOHNNY DEAN AT THE DEATH HOUSE, THE SCENE SHIFTS TO MILANO'S CHINATOWN QUARTERS WHERE SCOTTY AND THE GOVERNOR ARE BEING HELD PRISONERS.... 4 Hours left for Johnny Dean !!
Will Gould
DON'CHA THINK YOU'RE DRINKIN' TOO MUCH OF THAT RED-EYE, BLACKIE ?
DON'T MENTION MY NAME, SUCKER; AN' MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS !!
WHERE ARE YA GOIN' ?
I'M GONNA SEE MY LIMEY MOUTHPIECE ... THE GREAT GRIMSHAW.. WOTTA BRAIN !!
IT WAS HIM THAT WISED ME UP TO PULLIN' THIS JOB, SEE ? BUT HE DIDN'T THINK I HAD THE NERVE TO GO THRU WITH IT... SO I'M GONNA BRING HIM OVER HERE ...
FOR A PRE-VIEW OF THE GREATEST SNATCH IN THE RECORD BOOKS !!
3 hours and forty-five minutes left for Johnny Dean...
IN AN ALLEY LEADING TO GRIMSHAW'S QUARTERS....
BUT MISSY GRIMS'AW NO HERE !!
I DON' WANNA SEE MISSY GRIMSHAW... I WANNA SEE-HIC-MISTER GRIMSHAW!
Will Gould
LOOK, SUBGUM, I'M GONNA LETCHA RAVE SEE - AN' JES' WHEN Y'THINK YOU'RE GOIN' GOOD-HIC-I'M GONNA PUT A PERIOD-HIC-RIGHT IN YOUR BREADBASKET !!
I SAY MISSY GRIMS'AW NO HERE !!
BUT MISSY GRIMS - ! OH-H-H !!
BANG !!
ROLL OVER, SUBGUM - YOU'RE DEAD !!
After SHOOTING THE HAPLESS CHINESE WHO GUARDED "GRIMSHAW'S" QUARTERS, MILANO SEARCHES IN VAIN FOR THE LATTER, NOT KNOWING THAT SCOTTY AND GRIMSHAW ARE ONE...
HEY, LIMEY !!! C'MON OUT, WE'RE GONNA CELEBRATE !!
Will Gould
HEY, GRIMSHAW !! WHAT'RE YA-HIC-HIDIN' FOR ?! I'M PUTTIN' ON A-HIC-SHOW FOR YA !!
AH-HIC-HERE YOU ARE... SO Y'DIDN'T THINK I HAD ENOUGH NERVE T'SNATCH HIS NIBS, HUH ?!
WHAT THA-!!
SCOTTY'S PROPS-THE GOWN, THE FAKE MUSTACHE AND THE EYE-SHIELD....

REALIZING THAT HE HAD BEEN DUPED BY THE PSEUDO GRIMSHAW, THE FRENZIED MILANO RETURNS TO THE UNDERGROUND CELL WHERE SCOTTY AND THE GOVERNOR ARE BEING HELD PRISONERS...
3 hours and thirty minutes left for Johnny Dean !!
MIKE, GET THAT COTTON AND ADHESIVE OFFA THIS GUY'S EARS, HE'S GOT A LOTTA HOT LISTENIN' T'DO !!
SO THA GREAT INSPECTOR SCOTT RESIGNED SO HE COULD PLAY COPS AN' ROBBERS, HEY ?...JES' LIKE IN THE BOOKS, HEY ?...WITH DISGUISES AN' EVER'THING...WELL, GREETINGS, INSPECTOR..
- ALIAS GRIMSHAW!!
YOU'RE A SMART GUY, INSPECTOR, -HIC- BUT NOT SMART ENOUGH, SEE-? 'STOO BAD Y'AIN'T GONNA LIVE LONG ENOUGH T'MENTION MY NAME TO HIS NIBS !!
SO Y'THOUGHT Y'COULD OUTSMART BLACK MILANO, HEY ?! PUT ME IN THA HOT-SEAT, HEY ? WELL, YOU'RE GONNA DO A LITTLE BURNIN', YOURSELF, BEFORE YOU GO !!
TURN IT OFF ON HIS NIBS, MIKE... BUT GIVE IT T' BALDY HERE UNTIL HE ROASTS !!
HOT STEAM AN' PLENTY OF IT !!
3 HOURS AND TWENTY MINUTES LEFT FOR JOHNNY DEAN...
HOW D'YA LIKE IT, INSPECTOR ?! IT'S CALLED PUTTIN' ON THE HEAT... THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU AND THE KID IS THAT YOU GOTTA TAKE IT STANDIN' UP !!
DOUBLE THE DOSE, MIKE, I LOVE T'SEE THIS FLATFOOT SQUIRM !!
MEANWHILE, IN A DESERTED SHACK NEAR THE STATE PRISON, ONE OF SCOTTY'S UNDER-COVER MEN, STANDS GUARD OVER A TRUSSED-UP FIGURE.....
I'M REMINDING YOU AGAIN, MISTER, IF YOUR INSTRUCTIONS WERE PHONY, I'LL BE OBLIGED TO BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT !!
Two hours and thirty minutes left for JOHNNY DEAN...
WHO IS THE STRANGER ? WHERE IS RED AND THE REST OF THE UNDER-COVER SQUAD ? !
AT THE DEATH HOUSE, WHERE LAST MINUTE PREPARATIONS ARE BEING MADE FOR THE EXECUTION OF JOHNNY DEAN, THE WARDEN TALKS WITH A FAVORED REPORTER...
2 hours and forty-five minutes left for Johnny Dean !!
HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT TONIGHT'S JOB, KELSEY ?
YOU CAN HAVE IT !!
I UNDER-STAND YOU'RE USING A SUBSTITUTE EXECUTIONER !!
YES, EVEN HE REFUSED TO GO THRU WITH IT UNLESS HE WAS ALLOWED TO WEAR A MASK, AND HIS NAME KEPT SECRET !!
I DON'T BLAME HIM... A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING TO THINK THAT THE KID GOT A RAW DEAL... ANY CHANCE OF A LAST MINUTE REPRIEVE ?
I DOUBT IT - BUT WE HAVE A WIRE CONNECTION DIRECT TO THE GOVERNOR'S HOME - JUST IN CASE !!
IF ONLY THE WARDEN WOULD TAKE THE TROUBLE TO TEST THE CONNECTION, THE LIFE OF JOHNNY DEAN MIGHT BE SPARED...
WARDEN - WARDEN KELSEY !!
2 hours and thirty minutes left for Johnny Dean...
WHAT IS IT, SON ? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT ?
SURE, I'M OKAY, BUT HYMIE HERE HAS BEEN GROANING SOMETHING AWFUL... HE MUST BE TERRIBLY SICK !!
KEEP YOUR CONVERSATION LOW... I DON'T WANT JOHNNY TO HEAR YOU... WHAT'S THE TROUBLE ?
THE KID - I DON'T WANNA SEE HIM GO - GIMME MINE NOW - BEFORE HIM - I CAN'T STAND IT !!
LISTEN, CONVICT, I'M AN HONEST MAN AND I'VE GOT TO STAND IT... YOU'LL GO WHEN YOUR TIME COMES AND NOT BEFORE... WHAT KIND OF MERCY DID YOU HAND OUT WITH A GAT ? YOU GUYS SHOULD THINK OF THOSE THINGS BEFORE YOU PULL A TRIGGER !!
IT'S TEN T' ONE TH' KID DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT DAY THIS IS !!
WHITE BOY'S IN A FOG... HE' SEES WE'S ALL AWAKE AN' IT'S WAY AFTER MIDNIGHT !!
TWO HOURS LEFT FOR JOHNNY DEAN....
CRIPES !! HERE COMES THE SKY PILOT - IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE SHOUTIN' !!
FATHER - WHAT BRINGS YOU ALL HERE ?
REPEAT AFTER ME, MY BOY. "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my Spirit"...
IT'S A PRAYER - A LITANY - FOR THE DYING !!

1 hour left for Johnny Dean...

BUT, FATHER, WHY MUST I DIE?

WE ALL HAVE TO GO SOME TIME, MY BOY!!

WHY CAN'T I GO WHEN I'M OLD — WHEN I'VE LIVED MY FULL LIFE — WHAT HAVE I DONE?

MAMA'S BOY" SLAYER CHEERFUL IN THE SHADOW OF THE CHAIR!!

All hope gone, Johnny Dean, awaits last mile with chin held high...

ZERO HOUR!

...but a few minutes remain before the boy, JOHNNY DEAN, pays the extreme penalty for the murder of SIMON SPADE!!

GENTLEMEN, I FULLY APPRECIATE THAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS A VERY DEPRESSING SPECTACLE, NEVERTHELESS, I WARN YOU NOT TO ANSWER THE PRISONER... HE IS VERY YOUNG AND HIGH-STRUNG, AND WILL UNDOUBTEDLY MAKE A HYSTERICAL APPEAL TO YOU — BUT YOU MUST NOT REPLY... THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN!!

ARE YOU READY, STRUNK?

READY, WARDEN!!

Judgment Day...

Having been given the last rites by the prison chaplain, young JOHNNY DEAN awaits the warden's orders.....

ARE YOU READY, SON?

LET'S GO, WARDEN!! I'D LIKE TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO THE BOYS!!

HERE'S THE CIGARETTES YOU ASKED FOR, PETE... GOOD-BYE!!

THANKS, KID, I'LL BE SEEIN' YUH!!

THE WARDEN PROMISED TO FIX YOU UP WITH THAT PORK CHOP DINNER, CONGO!!

AH AIN HUNGRY, WHITE BOY HONES, AH AIN'T!!

The Last Mile

HOW CAN YA TELL WHEN THE KID'S GETTIN' IT?

I HEAR THEY PUT A SPONGE DIPPED IN SALT WATER BACK OF YOUR HEAD!!

ANY MINUTE NOW, THE LIGHTS'LL GROW DIM, AN' YOU'LL HEAR THE MOTORS WHINE LIKE A MILLION LOST SHEEP!!

DID YA NOTICE THE SLIT IN JOHNNY'S TROUSER LEG... WHAT'S THAT FOR?

YOU'LL FIND OUT!!

HE WAS THE GAMEST KID I EVER SEEN!!

YEP, HE MADE TH' WALK BETTER THAN TH' WARDEN DID!!

THE CHATTER OF THE CONDEMNED...

WHILE EXPERT HANDS ADJUST THE ELECTRODES, BUT ONE THOUGHT FLASHES THRU THE BOY'S MIND, "My friends have failed me — ....."

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO RED AND THE UNDER-COVER SQUAD?

THE SIGNAL FROM WARDEN KELSEY!!

IT'S THE PAYOFF, FELLERS!

THERE GOES THE LIGHTS!

HE WAS A SWELL KID!

SO LONG, JOHNNY!

SO LONG KID!

THE LIGHTS! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE LIGHTS?

DID YOU HEAR THE MOTOR?

I DIDN'T — SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG!!

THIS THING'S WEIRD ENOUGH WITHOUT THE DARKNESS!!

PANDEMONIUM IN THE DEATH-HOUSE!!

THE KID'S PASSED OUT, WARDEN!!

I FEEL FAINT!

UNSHACKLE HIM IMMEDIATELY AND REMOVE HIM TO THE INFIRMARY... DOC NORTON'LL BRING HIM TO... I'M GOING TO CHECK WITH STRUNK!!

WHAT HAPPENED, STRUNK? YOU'VE BUNGLED EVERYTHING... I THOUGHT YOU KNEW YOUR BUSINESS?!

MY NAME IS NOT STRUNK, WARDEN!!

WHO IS THE MAN IN THE MASK...

I'M ONE OF SCOTT'S UNDER-COVER MEN, WARDEN, AND READY TO ACCEPT THE PENALTY FOR WRECKING YOUR POWERHOUSE!!
WHO ARE YOU?
WE KNEW THAT YOUR SYMPATHIES WERE WITH THE BOY, BUT RATHER THAN INVOLVE YOU, THE REST OF THE UNDERCOVER SQUAD AND MYSELF ENGINEERED THIS JOB ON OUR OWN!!
GOOD GRIEF!
I'M SURE, WARDEN, THAT YOU'LL NEVER REGRET NOT HAVING ELECTROCUTED THIS POOR, INNOCENT KID WHO HAS SUFFERED TOO MUCH ALREADY!!
I'M GLAD IT HAPPENED, STRANGER - AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO REMOVE YOUR HOOD IF YOU DON'T WANT TO... BUT I'D LIKE TO SHAKE THE HAND... OF A BRAVE MAN!!
RED BARRY!!
HE'S SAFE ENOUGH... WE JUST TIED HIM UP, TOOK HIS CREDENTIALS AND HIS EXPERT ADVICE IN THROWING A MONKEY-WRENCH INTO THE WORKS, AS IT WERE!!
WHAT DID YOU DO WITH STRUNK?
YOU'VE PUT ME IN A BAD SPOT... NOTHING LIKE THIS HAS EVER HAPPENED BEFORE... HOW CAN I EXPLAIN IT?
I'M YOUR PRISONER, WARDEN... THAT SHOULD EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!!
THESE 'PHONES ARE USELESS... I'VE GOT TO CALL THE GOVERNOR!!
PERMIT ME TO DRIVE YOU INTO TOWN!!
IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH, OPERATOR... WHAT? THE 'PHONE IS OUT OF ORDER?!!
LATER, IN A DRUG STORE 'PHONE BOOTH
IT MEANS THAT INSPECTOR SCOTT'S HUNCH WAS CORRECT... BLACK MILANO HAS KIDNAPED THE GOVERNOR!!
WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IT ALL MEANS?
UPON LEARNING THAT THE GOVERNOR'S PHONE WAS OUT OF ORDER, RED AND THE WARDEN HEAD FULL SPEED TO THE STATE EXECUTIVE'S HOME....
WE UNDERTOOK DELAYING TONIGHT'S EXECUTION ON THE INSPECTOR'S HUNCH... WHEN WE GET MILANO, WE'LL ALSO HAVE THE SLAYER OF SIMON SPADE!!
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
IN OTHER WORDS, MILANO DIDN'T WANT TO TAKE ANY CHANCES ON A LAST-MINUTE REPRIEVE!!
YOU'RE RIGHT WARDEN... THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE!!
THE DOOR'S BOLTED!!
WE'LL BREAK IT DOWN!!
RED AND THE WARDEN FORCE THEIR WAY INTO THE GOVERNOR'S HOME AND AFTER A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION .....
WE'VE BEEN IN EVERY ROOM IN THE HOUSE... THE PLACE IS DESERTED!!
IT'S A CINCH THE BREEZE DIDN'T KNOCK THE CHAIRS AND TABLE OVER... THERE'S EVERY EVIDENCE OF A STRUGGLE!!
I'VE GOT TO GET IN TOUCH WITH THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR AT ONCE!!
LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE CELLAR FIRST!!
BASE
GREAT SMOKE!!
IT'S THE SERVANTS!!
AFTER RED AND THE WARDEN RELEASE THE SERVANTS....
COULD YOU IDENTIFY ANY OF THESE MEN?
I'M AFRAID NOT... THEY ALL WORE HANDKERCHIEFS OVER THEIR FACES!!
I THOUGHT THEY WERE BURGLARS!
I SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE IN GETTING ANOTHER STAY OF EXECUTION FOR JOHNNY DEAN, UNTIL THE GOVERNOR IS FOUND... WHERE DO YOU GO FROM HERE?
CHINATOWN AND BLACK MILANO!
LATER... FULL SPEED AHEAD TO THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S HOME...
WHILE BARRY BURNS UP THE ROAD IN HIS HIGH-POWERED SPEEDSTER, LET US CUT BACK TO MILANO'S HIDEOUT AND SEE HOW SCOTTY AND THE GOVERNOR ARE FARING...
IT'S PRETTY NEAR DAYLIGHT, FELLERS, SO WHA'D'YA SAY WE DRINK A TOAST TO COMMISSIONER TRENT - HIC... HE SENT THA RIGHT GUY T'THA CHAIR... LE'S GO... TO JUSTICE!!
TAKE THAT ADHESIVE OFFA HIS EYES, MIKE, I -HIC- WAN' 'IM T'GET A LOADA THIS... LA-DEEZ AN' GEN'MAN AN' HIS NIBS - I'M GONNA DO AN IMPERSONATION - HIC - OF INSPEC'R SCOTT... THA GREAT SCOTT!! DON' LAUGH!!!
THIS IS HOW Y'LOOK, YA DUMB FLAT-FOOT - HIC... REC'GNIZE THA FRIGHT-WIG-? -HIC- THEY TELL ME YA GREW IT YASELF... HIC - WHAT DID YA PLANT -? HIC - HORSEFEATHERS??
DONCHA THINK WE OUGHTA GET HIS NIBS OUTA HERE? HOW'S ABOUT DROPPIN' HIM ON HIS FRONT PORCH BEFORE THEY DISCOVER HE'S BEEN GONE?!
NAW, WE GOT PLENTYA TIME - HIC... I'M GOIN' BACK T'ALIAS GRIMSHAW'S JOINT FOR MORE PROPS... HIC - I'M GONNA PUT ON A REAL SHOW!!

HEY, INSPEC'R- HIC- ALIAS GRIMSHAW··· WHERESH THA RESHT OF YA PROPS? HIC- GOTTA HAVE PROPS T'DO A GOOD-HIC-IMATASHIN'!!
DON' WAKE ME UP, FELLERSH-HIC- I'M GOIN' A BED!!
WHILE MILANO GOES OFF INTO A DRUNKEN STUPOR, RED JOINS THE REST OF THE UNDER-COVER SQUAD AT THE DESERTED SHACK····
YOU CAN RELEASE STRUNK, MEN··· FOLLOW ME INTO CHINATOWN··· RED LANTERN ALLEY!!
IS THE OTHER CAR STILL WITH US?
SURE, THAT BUS CAN DO BETTER THAN NINETY!!
WHILE RED AND THE UNDER-COVER SQUAD BURN UP THE HIGHWAYS
I'M GONNA SCRAM OUTA HERE, MIKE··· YOU KNOW WHAT THE RAP IS FOR KIDNAPIN'!!
SURE-THE HOT SEAT.. BLACKIE GOES OFF ON A BENDER AN' LEAVES US HOLDIN' TH' BAG··· I'M WITH YA!!
GETCHA TOMMY-GUNS READY FOR ACTION YOU MUGGS···THERE'S A FLOCKA GUYS IN MASKS COMIN' UP THE STAIRS!!
THAT'S A SWELL SPOT BLACKIE GOT US INTA, LEAVIN' HIS NIBS ON OUR HANDS·· AIN'T THERE ANY SECRET EXITS?
SURE, BUT BLACKIE FERGOT T'TELL US ABOUT EM!!
LET'S SCRAM!
WHERE TO? WE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE··· START SQUEEZIN' LEAD TH' MINUTE THEY GET NEAR THE DOOR!!
THEY'RE PEGGIN' TEAR-BOMBS THRU THA WINDERS!!
WHAT WUZ DAT?
THERE'S GAS COMIN FROM TH' KEYHOLE!!
COME OUT UNARMED AND KEEP YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!!
BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG
THE GANGSTERS' REPLY····
WHILE SCOTTY'S UNDER-COVER MEN CIRCLE THE BUILDING IN AN EFFORT TO BLOCK OFF ALL SECRET PASSAGES, RED GRABS A PRISONER, and it's···
BENNY, THE BOOM-BOOM!!!
IS DIS A RELIEF, IS DIS? I DIDN'T RECOGNIZING YOU WIT' DOT FACE··· FOLLER ME!!
UPSTAIRS, A LONE MEMBER OF THE SQUAD DEFENDS THE STAIRCASE···
WHY DON'T YOU HOODS GET WISE TO YOURSELVES?··YOU'LL NOT GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE UNLESS YOU SURRENDER!!
YOU AIN'T TELLIN' US, BUDDY, WE'RE TELLIN' YOU··· IF YOU FLATFOOTS AIN'T OUTA HERE IN FIVE MINUTES, THE STATE'LL HAVE A DEAD GOVERNOR ···HOW'D'YA LIKE THEM APPLES?!!
THE GANGSTERS' ULTIMATUM!!!
YA DON'T THINK WE GOT NERVE T'BUMP THE GOVERNOR, HEY? STICK AROUND AN' WE'LL LETCHA HEAR HIS LAST BREATH··· PATSY, BRING HIS NIBS UP HERE AN' TAKE THAT ADHESIVE OFF HIS KISSER!!
Meanwhile, AFTER FOLLOWING THE FAITHFUL BENNY THRU A LABYRINTH OF DARK ALLEYS AND SECRET PASSAGES, RED FINALLY ARRIVES AT WHAT APPEARS TO BE A COAL-CHUTE···
THIS THING'LL LEAD YA RIGHT INTO D'DUMMY FURNACE··· D'REST IS UP TO YOU!!
I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS, BENNY··· THANKS A MILLION!!
THEN, JUST AS MILANO'S MOBSTERS START TO UNTIE THE GOVERNOR····
WHAT THA-!
MIKE-PATSY-OPEN UP-IT'S RED!
HOW'D YOU GET HERE?
WHERE THA- YOU BEEN?!
DIDN'T BLACKIE TELL YA? WHERE'S BLACKIE?
HE GOT PLASTERED AN' LEFT US HOLDIN' THA BAG!!
WHO'S THIS MUGG?
THAT'S INSPECTOR SCOTT!! HE SHAVED HIS NUT AN' PLAYED OFF AS GRIMSHAW!!
HE'S THE RAT THAT GOT US INTA THIS JAM!!
RED MAKES HIS BLUFF GOOD BY STRIKING POOR SCOTTY···
YOU DUMB FLATFOOT!!
THIS JOINT IS RED-HOT!! GET THE REST OF THE BOYS AN' WE'LL SCRAM···BEFORE THEY GET WISE TO THA TRICK EXIT!!!

As RED LEADS MILANO'S MOBSTERS INTO THE TRAP, BENNY, THE BOOM-BOOM, ROUNDS UP THE REST OF THE UNDER-COVER SQUAD AT THE SECRET EXIT.....

I JUST HEARD THEM, I JUST... THEY'LL BE COMIN' THRU ANY MINUTE!!

ALL RIGHT, KID, YOU BETTER GET OUTA SIGHT!!

SOON THEY EMERGE FROM THE UNDERGROUND CELL WITH RED AMONG THEM, WEARING THE HOOD OF THE UNDER-COVER MEN.....

OKAY, SMART GUYS -- UP WITH 'EM!!

IT'S A TRAP!

AND A KIDNAPIN' RAP BESIDES!!

WHY, YOU CHEAP DOUBLE-CROSSER!

YOU BETTER RELEASE SCOTT AND THE GOVERNOR AND HAVE SOMEBODY 'PHONE COMMISSIONER TRENT... I'M GOING AFTER MILANO!!

WITH SCOTTY AND THE GOVERNOR RELEASED AND MILANO'S MOBSTERS IN THE CUSTODY OF THE UNDER-COVER MEN, RED STARTS FOR "GRIMSHAWS" QUARTERS WHERE BLACKIE LIES IN A DRUNKEN STUPOR...

WHO'S THERE?

IT'S SOMEBODY WHO'S OUT TO GET YOU, BLACKIE... I'M GIVING YOU EVERY CHANCE TO GET STARTED!!

OH, YEAH!!

BANG! BANG!

A DOOR SLAMS AND MILANO DISAPPEARS IN DARKNESS... QUICK AS A FLASH, RED IS AFTER HIM!!

AS RED SHOUTS HIS WARNING TO MILANO, THE LATTER FIRES BACK AT HIM AND THEN DISAPPEARS INTO A DARK PASSAGE, WITH THE UNDER-COVER MAN HOT ON HIS TRAIL...

BANG!

BANG!

SUDDENLY, THE FLEEING MILANO TOUCHES ONE OF THE BRICKS AND PART OF THE WALL BEGINS TO MOVE...

HE THEN DISAPPEARS INTO BLACK SPACE AS RED MANAGES TO SCRAMBLE AFTER HIM JUST AS THE WALL MOVES BACK INTO PLACE...

AFTER A MAD CHASE, RED AND MILANO SCRAMBLE THRU THE SECRET WALL PASSAGE INTO A VAULT HEAVY WITH BLACKNESS...

BANG! BANG!

SHOTS ARE EXCHANGED WITH THE BULLETS RICOCHETING OFF THE SIDES WITHOUT ANY APPARENT EFFECT.....

THEN FROM MILANO...

SO YA CAME T'GET ME, YA DOUBLE-CROSSIN' STOOL-PIGEON!! D'YA KNOW WHERE Y'ARE? YOU'RE IN A TRAP!! AN' YOU'RE GONNA DIE JUST LIKE ANY OTHER RAT!!

PERMIT US TO THROW A SPOTLIGHT ON THIS TERRIFYING AND UNPARALLELED SITUATION.....

TWO MEN FIGHT FOR THEIR LIVES IN A VAULT-LIKE ROOM WITH NOTHING BETWEEN THEM BUT A WALL-PARTITION... NEITHER ONE DARES VENTURE INTO THE NARROW OPEN SPACE... YET, ANOTHER INVADER LURKS IN THE SHADOWS, WHO WILL SOON DESTROY BOTH... CARBON-DIOXIDE GAS FORMED BY THE BURNING UP OF THE LITTLE OXYGEN IN THE ROOM..... What would you do?

DOOMED!!

HALF-CRAZED WITH FEAR AND DRINK, MILANO PLUNGES INTO A SECRET VAULT WITH RED AFTER HIM... A LONE WALL-PARTITION SEPARATES THE TWO... THERE IS NO ESCAPE!! SOON THEY MUST BOTH PERISH FOR THE LACK OF OXYGEN... IN A DEATH TRAP OF THEIR OWN DESIGN!!

WHEW!! SO THAT'S IT!!

YEAH!! WHY DON'CHA COME OUT AN' GET ME!?

OL' 'LECTRIC CHAIR'S GONNA GET YOU, BLACKIE!!

NOT UNTIL I GET YOU FIRST!!

BECAUSE I DON'T THINK Y'CAN TAKE IT, SEE? YOU'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT ME THE MINUTE Y'START GASPIN' FOR BREATH... THEN I'M COMIN' OUT TO PUT A COUPLA SLUGS WHERE IT'S GONNA HURT YOU THE MOST!!

HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO DO THAT?

WILL MILANO SURVIVE BARRY AND MAKE A GETAWAY?

SO YOU THINK I'M GONNA CRACK FIRST, HEY, BLACKIE?

I AIN'T SEEN A COPPER YET WHO COULD TAKE IT!!

THEN HOW ABOUT GRANTING A DYING MAN'S LAST REQUEST? HOW MANY SLUGS DID YOU THROW INTO SIMON SPADE?

SEEIN' IT'S YOU, SWEETHEART, I DON'T MIND TELLIN' YA... BECAUSE YOU AIN'T TELLIN' NOBODY!!

HE GOT TWO "THIRTY-EIGHTERS"!! IN THA SAME SPOT... RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!!

NICE SHOOTIN', BLACKIE, ESPECIALLY WHEN HIS BACK WAS TURNED TO YOU... WHY DID YOU RUB HIM OUT?

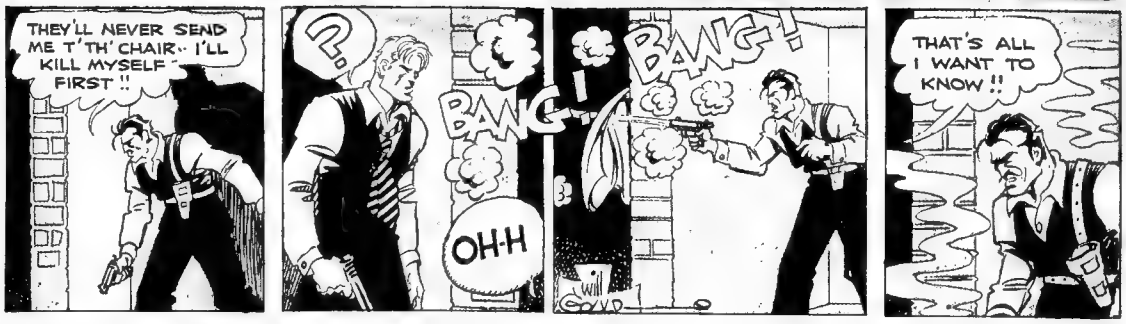
I SHOULDN'T ANSWER YA AFTER THAT LAST CRACK, BUT I ALWAYS GET BIG-HEARTED WHEN I'M ABOUT T'BUMP SOMEBODY... EVER HEAR OF THE RED LEDGER?

HAVING GOADED MILANO INTO ADMITTING THE MURDER OF SIMON SPADE FOR WHICH JOHNNY DEAN WAS TO PAY WITH HIS LIFE RED SPARS WITH BLACKIE FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

WHAT DID THE RED LEDGER CONTAIN? A RECORD OF THE LOOT?
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! THERE WAS MILLIONS IN IT— BLACKMAIL AND PROTECTION AT THE SAME TIME—WHICH MAKES IT THE RAREST VOLUME IN EXISTENCE!!
DID I HEAR YOU COUGH, SWEETHEART?
NO— I WAS JUST LAUGHING UP MY SLEEVE!!
I BETCHA I KNOW THE GAG— YOU'RE LAUGHIN' BECAUSE THEY SENT TH' WRONG GUY TO THE CHAIR AND YOU WON'T LIVE T'TELL ABOUT IT— VERY FUNNY!!
YOU DUMB SAP!! HOW DID YOU GET TO BE A BIG-TIME CROOK? JOHNNY DEAN DIDN'T GO TO THE CHAIR THIS MORNING— NO!
THEY'RE RESERVING IT FOR YOU!!

RED BARRY VS. BLACK MILANO!!

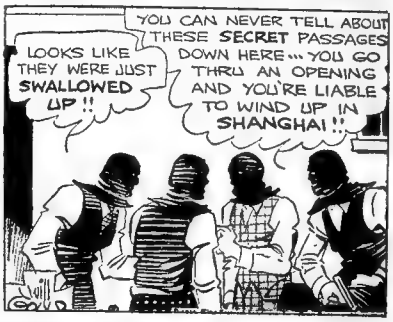
TRAPPED IN A SECRET, VAULT-LIKE ROOM, WITH NOTHING BETWEEN THEM BUT A SLIGHT PARTITION, NEITHER OF THE TWO DARES TO VENTURE OUT INTO THE NARROW, OPEN SPACE— YET, THEY MUST SOON PERISH FOR THE LACK OF OXYGEN!!



WHILE IT BECOMES A SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST BETWEEN RED AND BLACKIE, LET US LOOK IN AT THE HOSPITAL WHERE POOR SCOTTY IS BEING TREATED FOR BURNS HE RECEIVED AT THE HANDS OF MILANO...

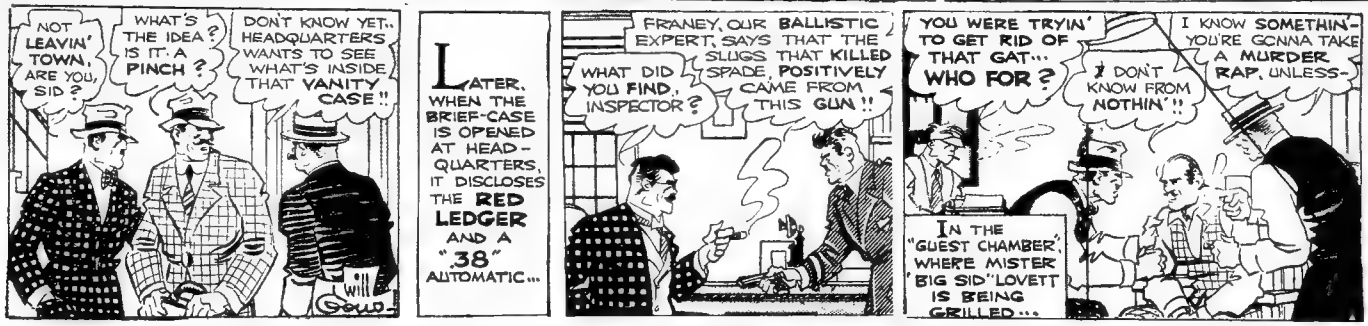
HE'S BEEN IN A DELIRIUM, COMMISSIONER— KEEPS REPEATING, "FIND RED— FIND RED"!!
THANKS, DOCTOR... SEE THAT HE GETS THE BEST OF CARE!!
THE SHOCK WILL BE TOO MUCH FOR THE BOY, YOUR EXCELLENCY— HE HASN'T AS YET GOTTEN OVER THE LAST ONE!!
WHEN HE'S WELL ENOUGH, TELL HIM THAT A FULL PARDON WILL BE FORTHCOMING IN A FEW DAYS!!
AT THE STATE PRISON, THE GOVERNOR, IN PERSON, EXTENDS JOHNNY DEAN AN INDEFINITE STAY OF EXECUTION...

AND BACK TO CHINATOWN, WHERE THE UNDER-COVER SQUAD IS IN A QUANDARY OVER RED'S MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE...


LOOKS LIKE THEY WERE JUST SWALLOWED UP!!
YOU CAN NEVER TELL ABOUT THESE SECRET PASSAGES DOWN HERE... YOU GO THRU AN OPENING AND YOU'RE LIABLE TO WIND UP IN SHANGHAI!!

WHILE THE UNDER-COVER MEN CONTINUE THEIR FRUITLESS SEARCH FOR RED, THE ALERT BENNY, THE BOOM-BOOM, PUTS IN A 'PHONE CALL TO COMMISSIONER TRENT...

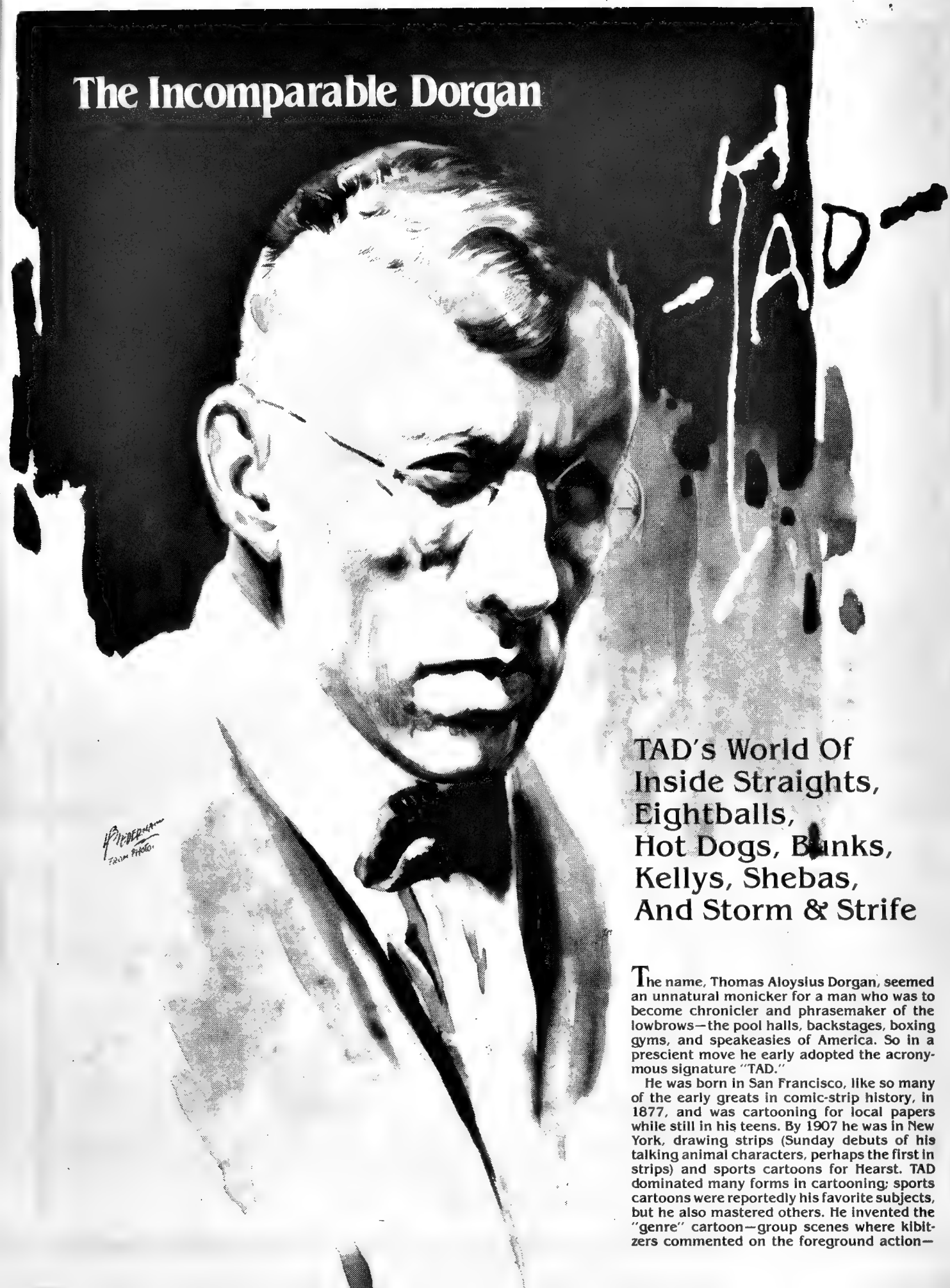
...AN' WHEN THIS BIG MUG CALLS FOR HIS PORTFOLIO, YOU CAN PICK HIM UP AND THAT'S THE END OF THE SPADE CASE!! WHO AM I? SANTY CLAUS TO YOU, COMMISSIONER!!
DID YOU RING, COMM'R.?
YES... SEND TWO CAPABLE MEN DOWN TO THE PARCEL-ROOM AT THE CENTRAL DEPOT... HAVE THEM BRING IN THE PARTY WHO CALLS FOR TAG G.L.7282!!
PARCEL
C'MON, JOE. THERE'S OUR SIGNAL!!
IT'S "BIG SID" LOVETT!!
LATER, AT THE Central Depot...


NOT LEAVIN' TOWN, ARE YOU, SID?
WHAT'S THE IDEA? IS IT A PINCH?
DON'T KNOW YET.. HEADQUARTERS WANTS TO SEE WHAT'S INSIDE THAT VANITY CASE!!
LATER, WHEN THE BRIEF-CASE IS OPENED AT HEADQUARTERS, IT DISCLOSES THE RED LEDGER AND A ".38" AUTOMATIC...
FRANEY, OUR BALLISTIC EXPERT, SAYS THAT THE SLUGS THAT KILLED SPADE, POSITIVELY CAME FROM THIS GUN!!
WHAT DID YOU FIND, INSPECTOR?
YOU WERE TRYIN' TO GET RID OF THAT GAT... WHO FOR?
I DON'T KNOW FROM NOTHIN'!!
I KNOW SOMETHIN'— YOU'RE GONNA TAKE A MURDER RAP, UNLESS—
IN THE "GUEST CHAMBER", WHERE MISTER "BIG SID" LOVETT IS BEING GRILLED...

SO YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO SAY, HUH? MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO TAKE A TRIP TO THE MORGUE WHERE YOUR EX-BOSS IS LAID OUT ON A SLAB?!
MILANO DEAD? IT CAN'T BE!!
MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO SEE FOR YOURSELF?
OKAY— I'LL TALK— BLACKIE BUMPED SPADE!! HE WANTED SOLE POSSESSION OF THE RED LEDGER!! JOHNNY DEAN WAS FRAMED!!
BACK IN THEIR UNDER-GROUND PRISON, RED AND BLACKIE MAKE THEIR LAST STAND, GASPING FOR BREATH...
TAKE A DEEP-BREATH-MILANO-JUST-LIKE-MOUNTAIN-AIR!!
YOU-BLANKETY-BLANK-LIAR!!

WHAT DO YOU SAY, BLACKIE—? YOU'RE A SPORTSMAN—RUN NIGHT CLUBS—MANAGE FIGHTERS—GOT A STRING OF HORSES…
YOU BEEN READIN' MY MAIL !!
"…THE CANDLE—IT'S ON ITS LAST FLICKER—NO MORE AIR—WE'VE GOT TO DIE, ANYWAY…
SO—WHAT ?
"I'VE GOT-A-SPORTING PROP-O-SITION… WHEN—THAT CANDLE—GOES, WE SHOOT IT OUT—IN THE DARK—IF—YOU GET ME, YOU'VE GOT-A CHANCE—TO ESCAPE !!
WITH THE LAST WORD BARELY OUT OF RED'S MOUTH, THE UNDERGROUND VAULT IS SUDDENLY TURNED INTO A PITCH-BLACK DUNGEON…
I'M-COMIN'-FOR-YOU-MILANO !!
YOU'RE-A GONER—I GOT-A-BEAD-ON YOUR HEART !!
WITH THE LAST FLICKER OF THE CANDLE, AND JUST ENOUGH STRENGTH TO PULL A TRIGGER, RED DARES MILANO TO SHOOT IT OUT IN THE DARK"
ONE SHOT-LEFT, -MILANO… LET'S-TRY IT-AGAIN !!
BANG!
"…AND MILANO FIRES AT THE SOUND OF RED'S VOICE…
BANG! BANG!
RED AIMS AT THE PISTOL FLARE—BOTH GUNS BARK IN UNISON—THEN—SILENCE"
At the hospital…
BENNY, THE BOOM-BOOM, KNOWS ALL THE SECRET PASSAGES—FIND HIM—BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE !!
BUT THE ALERT BENNY WAITS FOR NO ONE !!
FOLLER ME !!
THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE LEFT, BUT THEY'D BE DEAD BY NOW !!
PERHAPS MILANO MADE A GETAWAY AFTER KILLING RED !!
YEP, THIS IS THE RIGHT BRICK… GETCHA FLASHLIGHTS READY, THIS WALL IS GONNA SLIDE OPEN, IT'S GONNA !!
WE'RE TOO LATE !!
IT'S RED AND MILANO !!
THEY'RE DEAD !!
MILANO'S DEAD !!
RED'S JUST ABOUT BREATHING HIS LAST… WE'VE GOT TO RUSH HIM TO A HOSPITAL !!
SOON AN AMBULANCE, RIDING THE LIMP FORM OF RED BARRY, SPEEDS THRU THE CITY STREETS IN A RACE WITH THE GRIM REAPER.
IS HE BADLY HURT ?
THE BULLET MERELY CREASED HIS SCALP… THE REAL DANGER LIES IN HIS LUNGS… THEY'VE ALMOST COLLAPSED FOR LACK OF OXYGEN… WE MUST HOPE FOR THE BEST !!
Meanwhile THE HOSPITAL IS SWAMPED WITH HUNDREDS OF 'PHONE CALLS…GOOD CITIZENS INQUIRING AS TO THE WELFARE OF THE UNDER-COVER MAN WHO SAVED JOHNNY DEAN'S LIFE AND BROUGHT BLACK MILANO TO JUSTICE !!
THE DOCTORS EXPECT HIM TO PULL THRU… SORRY, BUT WE CAN'T REVEAL HIS NAME !!
I HAVE HERE A MOVING PICTURE CONTRACT FOR $50,000, BUT FOR WHO ?, WHAT'S HIS NAME ?
IT MIGHT BE MAC-GILLICUDDY, BUT IT AIN'T !!
SORRY, BOYS, CAN'T TAKE ANY PICTURES IN HIS CONDITION… THEN AGAIN, I'M NOT SO SURE HE WOULD LIKE IT !!
CAN'T YOU GIVE US A HINT AS TO WHO HE IS ? WHAT'RE WE GONNA TELL OUR READERS ?
THIS MUST BE BIG—HERE COMES THE GOVERNOR !!
CAN'T YOU GIVE US A LEAD, GOVERNOR ?
THE WHOLE COUNTRY WANTS TO KNOW ABOUT HIM… HE'S THE BIGGEST THING SINCE LINDBERGH… HE'S A HERO !!
EXACTLY, BOYS, HE IS A HERO… YOU'VE BEEN GLORIFYING PUBLIC ENEMIES SO LONG, IT'S TIME YOU TURNED THE SPOTLIGHT ON PUBLIC HEROES INSTEAD !!
LET HIM THEN REMAIN THE UNKNOWN PUBLIC HERO OF THE NATION — SYMBOLIC OF EVERY HONEST OFFICER OF THE LAW WHO RISKS HIS LIFE…
… SO THAT CRIME CAN BECOME ONE OF THE FORGOTTEN PAGES IN THE BOOK OF CIVILIZATION !!

The Incomparable Dorgan



TAD's World Of Inside Straights, Eightballs, Hot Dogs, Banks, Kellys, Shebas, And Storm & Strife

The name, Thomas Aloysius Dorgan, seemed an unnatural monicker for a man who was to become chronicler and phrasemaker of the lowbrows—the pool halls, backstages, boxing gyms, and speakeasies of America. So in a prescient move he early adopted the acronymous signature "TAD."

He was born in San Francisco, like so many of the early greats in comic-strip history, in 1877, and was cartooning for local papers while still in his teens. By 1907 he was in New York, drawing strips (Sunday debuts of his talking animal characters, perhaps the first in strips) and sports cartoons for Hearst. TAD dominated many forms in cartooning; sports cartoons were reportedly his favorite subjects, but he also mastered others. He invented the "genre" cartoon—group scenes where kibitzers commented on the foreground action—

and was followed by Clare Briggs, H.T. Webster, Jean Knott, Gaar Williams, J.R. Williams, Jimmy Hatlo, and Bob Dunn. He drew humorous daily and Sunday strips commenting on human nature. He even switched gears from his cigar-chomping atmosphere and produced a remarkably sympathetic and observant family life/suburban page, *For Better Or Worse*.

A forgotten classic is his strip (not the longer-running panel version), *Silk Hat Harry's Divorce Suit*, sometimes called *Judge Rummy's Court*. To those who think that *Andy Capp* broke ground in depicting a carousing womanizer in the comics, they should feast their peepers (to use a TADism) on *Silk Hat Harry*, which concerned philandering husbands, booze, judicial bribery, easy women, and the roustabout like.

Another TAD legacy is his incredible contribution to the language of his day, and ours. To him life became a lark; every happenstance a microcosm of eternal matrimonial battles or standoffs between square-shooters and boobs; and every occurrence a golden opportunity to enrich it with his colorful slang descriptions.

For all his caricatured types and satires, TAD was never cruel. And perhaps it's because readers never saw themselves in all the types he lampooned—dopes, poseurs, cheapskates, and braggarts—but rather they saw people they knew. Or whom they met. But never themselves. And that's a rare gift of a cartoonist, because his cartoons were universally admired.

TAD was a whirlwind in the world of comics during their formative years, and for all his natural talents, a lot of his production was hard effort; he also lost the fingers of one hand, so he learned to draw with the other. Also, during his last years, this urban-boulevard balladeer was confined to his suburban mansion in ill health. But Tad Dorgan left us many legacies—a time that has vanished; glimpses of colorful lifestyles; the common lives of common people; but most of all a remarkable body of cartoons by a unique genius. He died, too young, of his ailment in 1929.

Fuller biographical insights are provided in the following portfolio by two of TAD's contemporaries: *Cosmopolitan* columnist O.O. McIntire, and *Liberty* magazine writer W.O. McGeehan. Also a Dictionary of Dorganisms has been compiled by the Museum of Cartoon Art and *NEMO*, in case you lamp a picture and can't dope the patter.

TAD: The Balladeer Of Broadway

by O.O. McINTIRE

I promised "Tad" this would be no tear-jerking yarn of high courage in deep affliction. In one of his characteristic notes he wrote: "I merely have one of those dime-a-dozen tickers and have to duck the merry mucilage and the gang."

Tad is quite happy and needs no sympathy of yours or mine. Tad, as you doubtless know, is T. A. Dorgan, whose gay cartoon creations have convulsed millions daily, and he is also the genius who has furnished ninety percent of the slang that has enlivened Broadway and the out country for twenty years. Who has not laughed at and with *Judge Rummy*, *Silk Hat Harry*, and all the rest of his hilarious creations of the comic strip?

A few years ago, as Tad expresses it, he blew the double harness of the fire department and took to the pastures. He says he is today just a cracked egg in a busy bakery—watching the mob from the shelf and enjoying it.

Tad was for years the life of the Roaring For-

The cast of *Silk Hat Harry's Divorce Suit*, a long-running humorous—and rakish—continuity by TAD circa 1910.

All artwork from the collection of Rick Marschall

ties. It was the playground for this shy, funereal humorist who liked to pry into the mechanism of a hectic night life to see what made it tick.

Then overnight almost a queer twisting of fate laid him low with a heart affliction and removed him from the boiling cauldron he loved. For long, gray years he was not beyond the four walls of the bedroom of his Great Neck home, but in that time he continued to make his millions laugh.

What an achievement, that! To make millions laugh from the poignant depths of a broken heart. And not even a devoted wife ever heard him whine.

Tad fought the good fight. Today he is able to take auto rides, although he cannot drive himself. Now and then on pleasant days he attends a local movie or a baseball game, but largely his life is a cloistered one—far from the incoherent thunder of Broadway.

Once in a while when he grows weary of the big trees, the grapevines, the humming bees and other pastoral simplicities he moves to a room on the fifteenth floor of a Broadway hotel and reclining at a window in this lofty aerie he watches the pulsings of life in the district whose heart-beats were long attuned to his.

"That's close enough to the mob for me now," he told me. "I lamp the cake-eaters with their dolls, the blind musician singing along Thirty-fourth Street, the busy guys, the easy-going guys, the old dames with their accordion-pleated chins, the gyps and the square shooters. I get a wallop out of figuring their graft from my high perch. It is a great sight to see old Broadway tumbling by.

"Then there's the odor of waffles, chop-suey, hot roast-beef sandwiches, peanuts and coffee. The noises of early morning milk-wagons, garbage cans, newspaper trucks and taxis with the late butter and egg men, the fire engines, crossing cop's whistles, street-cars and ambulances. It is all new to a Great Neck guy away for a few years."

New York is not the same to Tad without Jack's all-night restaurant and its Battling Nelson Grill. There was only one Jack's—and there will perhaps never be another. It never had a front-door key and its wedge of "flying waiters" has catapulted hundreds into the middle of Sixth Avenue's car-tracks.

There almost nightly was Wilson Mizner with his funny cracks. Also Jack Francis, the press-agent; Frank O'Malley—O'Malley of the *Sun*; Corse Payton, the world's best bad actor; Hype Igoe and his cigar-box uke; Jimmy Kellar, the bouncer; the flourflushers, confidence men, ocean card-sharks, the blind fellow selling violets who could spot a sucker across the room, new and old pugs, stage stars and ham actors.

There the latest stories were told, the newest slang spawned and the oldest songs sung. There the sleeper got a double check, the dead one the bum's rush and the pest a Mickey Finn. In this hell-roaring cafe Tad laughed himself out of a million midnight trains to Great Neck.

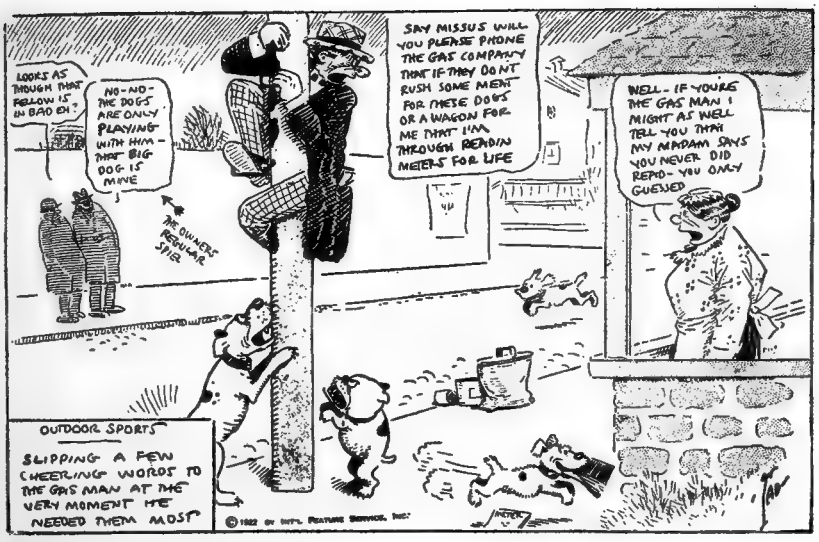
Tad says it isn't so bad staying home these day, now that a fellow can have movies in his own parlor and a radio that works. He has been watching fights for more than thirty years but his interest has waned.

"Fights are too ladylike," he declares. "Imagine Tunny and Dempsey fighting ten rounds for the championship. That is like a three-inning world series baseball game. Championship fights should be forty-five rounds or to the finish. Fight fans are fed up on pink teas."

Tad was born "south of the slot" in San Francisco forty-nine years ago. He was a sandlot

The Slanguage of TAD

ALLEY TENNIS — dice
APPLESAUCE — nonsense
BABY CARRIAGE JOCKEY — mother
BAD NEWS — bill or check
BALL AND CHAIN — wife
BALONEY — nonsense
BAR-FLY — a drunk
BEANERY — restaurant
BLACK AND WHITE — scotch
BLOCK AND FALL — bad booze (from walk a block and fall)
BLOKE — clumsy fellow
BOLOGNA — meathead
BONEHEAD — numbskull
BOTTLES AND STOPPERS — cops
BOWL OF JAVA — coffee
B R — bank roll
BRONX CHEER — heckling
BULL SESSION — group discussion
BUTTINSKY — meddler
CACKLE BERRIES — eggs
CAKE-EATER — ladies man
CAT S MEOW — wonderful
CENTERBOARD — nose
CENTURY — $100
CENTURY PLANT — old person
CHEATERS — glasses
CHEW THE FAT — talk over
CHICKEN FANCIERS — girl watchers
CHIN — to talk
CHIN MUSIC — idle talk
CHUCK THE SWELL — to brag
COW PASTURE POOL JOINT — golf course
DEALING OFF THE ARMS — waitressing
DECK SCRUBBER — sailor
DICK — detective
DOGS — feet
DOPE — idiot also to understand
DRUGSTORE COWBOY — loafer
DUMBBELL — witless person
DUMB DORA — stupid girl
DUMB ISAAC — anyone lacking brains
AN EARFUL OF NEWS — gossip
EGG — fellow
FALSE ALARM — loser
FIDDLE AND FLUTE — suit
FINALE HOPPER — crasher
FLAPPER — dizzy dame
FLAT TIRE — uninteresting individual
FLIVVER — Ford car
FOUL BALL — fool
FOUR FLUSHER — braggart
FROG BEER — bad beer (from one hop and croak)
GAY AND FRISKY — whisky
GETTING AN EARFUL — listening
GLIM — to watch
GYP — to cheat
GREASE THE PAN — to gossip
HARD-BOILED — tough
HEAP O COKE — bloke
HENRY — Ford car
HEP — wise to
HIRE A HALL — shut up
HOG HIPS — bacon
HOOCH — bootleg liquor
HORSEFEATHERS — nonsense
HOT DOG — exclamation of excitement
JACK — money
JOBBIE — goldbrick
JOHN — boyfriend
JOHN LAW — cop
JOLT — shot of booze
KELLY — hat
KIBITZER — observer
KISSER — mouth
LAMP — to observe
LAWN MOUNDS race track bettors
LAY OFF — go away
LIFT A LIP OVER — take a drink
LOUNGE LIZARD — a wolf
MAP — face
MEAL TICKET — husband
MERRY ANDREW — dandy
MERRY-GO ROUND — racetrack
MERRY MUCILAGE — liquor
MEAR AND FAR — bar
NICKEL NURSER — cheapskate
NO BARGAIN — worthless
O.O — to examine
OFFICE — information
ONCE-OVER — to check out
ONE-ARM JOINT — restaurant
PACK IN — to gorge oneself
PATTER — dialogue
PINCHED — to get a ticket
PIPE — look
PUNCHING THE BAG — to discuss
PUNK — bad
PUT ON THE FEED BAG — to eat
PUT ON THE RITZ — to show off wealth
PUT THE BEE ON — to solicit
PUT THE CHILL ON — to avoid
RAND McNALLY — face ("map")
RATTLER — train
RAZZ — to cajole
RUG JUMPER — dancer
SASH WEIGHT — doughnut
SAWBUCK — $10
SCAN — to observe
SCENERY — clothing
SHEBA — sexy girl
SHEIK — sexy guy
SKIMMER — hat
SLIP THE GAFF — to talk down
SLUG — shot of booze
SMELLER — nose
SOUSE POT — drunk
SPEAK-EASY — bootleg bar
SQUARE-SHOOTER — honest guy
SQUAW — wife
STOGIE — cigar
STORM AND STRIFE — wife
SUN DODGER — lazy person
SWINDLE SHEETS — expense accounts
TAKING IT ON THE CHIN — hard luck
THOUSAND ON A PLATE — beans
TICKER — heart
TIN LIZZIE — Model T
TWIST AND TWIRL — girl
TUMBLE — drink
TUSK TICKLER — dentist
WHISPER LOW — speak-easy
WINDBAG — braggart
YARD — $100


LOOKS AS THOUGH THAT FELLOW IS IN BAD EH?
NO-NO- THE DOGS ARE ONLY PLAYING WITH HIM - THAT BIG DOG IS MINE
THE OWNERS REGULAR SPIEL
SAY MISSUS WILL YOU PLEASE PHONE THE GAS COMPANY THAT IF THEY DON'T RUSH SOME MEN FOR THESE DOGS OR A WAGON FOR ME THAT I'M THROUGH READIN METERS FOR LIFE
WELL - IF YOURE THE GAS MAN I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU THAT MY MADAM SAYS YOU NEVER DID READ - YOU ONLY GUESSED
OUTDOOR SPORTS
SLIPPING A FEW CHEERING WORDS TO THE GAS MAN AT THE VERY MOMENT HE NEEDED THEM MOST

ball-player—a rather tough kid. At an early age he faced an adversity that would have turned many boys into useless citizens.

When he was eight he was fooling around a house-moving job and attempted to ride a shovel on a rope that was propelled by a big pulley. He turned his head for a second and his right hand was caught in a pulley, crushing off four fingers of that right hand, which was reduced to a thumb and piece of knuckle.

He turned "lefty" and surmounted the obstacle. He has boxed and played ball and billards all his life. He was for many years the crack pitcher on an undefeated newspaper ball team. "That," he added, "was fifteen years ago before the comic guys started wearing silk skimmers and having their nails done."

Tad left San Francisco in 1904 when Arthur Brisbane offered him a job on the *New York Evening Journal*. He has been on that paper ever since. His virginal slang is as fresh and zippy today as ever it was. He is the ace of the designers of that typically American phraseology which finds its way around the world. His slang is heard in Kamchatka as well as Nome.

The phrase "Yes, We Have No Bananas," which when it was turned into a popular song made a half-million dollars, was Tad's, although he did not salvage a penny out of it. Through his cartoon creations he has been furnishing vaudeville artists gay *mots* for years, although he rarely received credit therefor.

He is, after several years of invalidism, as cheerful as his fruity humor. The bludgeonings have in no wise defeated him.

"Now that I am on the upgrade and the dark cheaters are removed I have a terrific yen to take a trip aound the world. I'm a tramp at heart and love new scenes and new faces. The docs say my bum ticker won't stand this jaunt as yet, but it will come. I'll soon be stepping up the gang-plank. Watch my step!

"I've had everything I ever wanted and some day I'll don tweeds and see the world. When I was a kid I followed John L. Sullivan and Jim Corbett along the streets of Frisco full of admiration and wishing that some day I could lamp a real fight. Later I knew them both—Corbett is my neighbor now—and I spent many years writing about pugs from the ringside seats.

"Then I used to follow Jimmy Swinnerton along Market Street in that same town when Jimmy wore a flat derby and a canary-colored overcoat with pearl buttons. I longed to be an artist, and there I was with that nub of a mitt. But I kept on wishing and twenty-two years ago Jimmy and I were working side by side in the same art room of a newspaper.

"There's a lot of wishing if you wish long enough, I'm not a wise guy and I can't tell you why—but I know it is true. I've wished my way out of many depths."

I tried to sound him for the biggest lesson life had taught him. His lugubrious face wrinkled and he gazed out across the peaceful, clipped lawn of his home.

Then he said in his half-drawling way: "The longer I live the surer I am that Gene Buck has the best line for a guy to have over his desk to look at every morning. And that is *'Don't Kid Yourself.'"* ***(1926)***

The World His Stage, The Studio His Prison

by W.O. McGEEHAN

Walled in for four years at his home in Great Neck, Long Island, by the sentence of his physicians, and with no prospect of ever leav-

JUDGE RUMMHAUSER PRESIDING AT THE GREAT DIVORCE TRIAL

ing it, an American genius who later will be ranked with Dickens and Cruikshank still makes his millions laugh. He sits with his drawing board on his lap looking with clear gray-blue eyes at a specter he knows is always with him, a cynical smile on his lips, and, as he himself words it, "does his stuff."

This is Thomas A. Dorgan, known as Tad, the man who knows the naked soul of the tenements, the streets, and the alleys, and that elusive existence we call the sporting life as does nobody else. Of the millions who follow Tad there are only a few who know that he has been shut off from the life he loved to live, for there is nothing in the work to indicate that he is not still a vital part of it all.

Tad is carrying on, or "doing his stuff," as he puts it, with rare courage. Tad was told that there was an abscess over one of the large arteries near the heart. Specialists told him the excitement of his old routine, if continued, would mean the end within a short time. The sentence virtually was life imprisonment. He was not to leave his four walls. He was not even to move from the one floor. He was not to see the friends and boon companions of his old life.

This was bitter to Tad, who loved his crowds, who was a vital part of them. He took his sentence bravely. There never has been a break in his work. The favorite modern hero of Tad is Jack Dempsey, the heavyweight champion. Tad frequently has spoken and written of the courage of Dempsey. It seems to me that it takes a greater and more enduring courage for one to "do his stuff" against the odds which Tad faces than for Dempsey.

If you have followed the Tad drawings of recent dates you will notice that each one is dated from a different city. One will be dated "Dublin, Ireland," to be followed by one dated "Benton Harbor, Michigan," and so on. That is one of the Tad's grim little jokes on himself and on his own condition. Yet there is a note of wistfulness in it as there is in much of his work, for Tad dreams of going to all of these places once more.

Of all sports Tad loved fighting best of all. The greatest thrills of his life came to him when he sat crouched at the ringside at a heavyweight championship fight, so close that the resin dust choked him and the blood spattered on his copy paper. Here he was a real expert.

At the Jeffries-Johnson bout at Reno, Nevada, there were over five hundred sports writers, novelists, and psychologists writing thousands of words. On the eve of that battle Tad was one of the very few who wrote boldly and without qualification that the negro would win by a knockout. He told the world with the same cocksureness that Jack Dempsey would knock out Jess Willard at Toledo. As a picker of pugilists, Tad's judgment was unerring, and he could get the crude drama of a fight into his pictures and his story as nobody else could.

I have sat beside Tad at many ringsides in many places. At one of these—I think it was the Willard-Dempsey bout—just as the fighters were going to their corners I happened to look at Tad. The hand that held the cigar was shaking convulsively.

I caught him by the arm. "You have seen hundreds of these things," I said, "and yet—"

"I know," he said. "But the more of them I see the more excited I get. It is the big moment—just before the bell."

Tad no longer gets his big moments with his shrewd eyes. Just one of those big moments might be fatal to him now. He listens in at fights through a radio—a poor substitute for a man to whom the smell of the resin dust was the breath of life.

To appreciate the deprivation you must know how big a part of Tad's life was fistiana in the days when he dashed from fight camp to fight camp and from arena to arena, from Boyle's Thirty Acres to Reno. He wrote of baseball, too, but the fight game was and is his great love.

This is because Tad has the soul of a fighter and right now every hour of his life is making the grimmest sort of fight against heavy odds. He spars with the ever-present specter, and he does not show that he is hurt between the rounds. There is no letup in the work, and there is no letdown in the quality.

I do not know how many wise cracks, as they call them, Tad put into this changing language of ours , or to what extent he has enriched the argot of the tenements, the back rooms, and the sporting life. The wise cracks of Tad were taken for granted as he gave them out and became incorporated into the language as a matter of course.

This I do remember, that for years before the song came out, the wire-haired fox terrier in Tad's cartoons was announcing daily, "Yes, we have no bananas." It mystified Tad's followers as did many of his balloons at first. Somebody once asked him, "What do you mean, 'Yes, we have no bananas'?"

To which Tad replied promptly, "Yes, we have

CHIN MUSIC AT THE INK FACTORY—A self-portrait of TAD at work, wtih Hearst editor Arthur Brisbane (over his shoulder), among others, kibitzing.

no bananas."

By the way, the original of that wire-haired fox terrier is dead. He died shortly after Tad was sentenced to isolation by his doctors, and Tad will not have another dog. There never could be another dog like Julius Feinberg. Tad had named him after a butcher in San Francisco who had once given him a job.

Tad loved to live his jokes. When I first arrived in New York, Tad said, "You are just in time for the coming out party. We are giving a coming out party for Hype Igoe."

This was mystifying. Mr. Igoe, I knew, was hardly in the debutante class, having been more or less contemporaneous with Tad and myself in San Francisco newspaper work. Tad enlightened me. It seems that Mr. Igoe, having been found in contempt of court, had been sentenced to Ludlow Street jail because of his lack of veneration for the court, and that he was about to be released. The coming out party was a great success.

While Tad cannot move from his prison he manages to keep in touch with the old life and its changes. His friends call him up on the telephone. This communication is permitted.

But he must not go outside his jail to peek into one of the back rooms where they are talking fight. He must not even glimpse at a ring where two prize fighters are flitting over the canvas. He must not mingle with the swirling crowds of which he loved to be a part. For his work his memory and his imagination must suffice. This is the sternest test that ever was given to a sense of humor, but Tad's is strong enough to see him through and to keep him in the fight.

It is not for me to attempt to place an estimate upon the work of Tad. It is my notion that the genius of Tad is most closely allied with that of Dickens, who was a caricaturist in prose as Tad is a caricaturist in pen and ink. Dickens knew the tenements of his time and his country, but not any better than Tad knows those of his country and his time.

It took the more or less intellectuals a long time to admit that Chaplin was a great artist. It seems to be taking them longer to realize that Tad is a great genius.

I can see his own cynical smile as he reads that he is a genius, and the mocking gleam in the shrewd blue-gray eyes. But I am just as convinced of this as Tad was convinced of his own judgment of prize fighters when he predicted against all of the conclusions of the massed experts of the world that Jack Johnson would knock out Jeffries that day in Reno.

He sits there in his room, walled in. He feels the presence of the specter and looks in its direction with courageous eyes and cynical smile. I think the specter is afraid to approach too closely for fear Tad will caricature him. No self-respecting specter can afford to be made ridiculous.

Tad knows this. He laughs derisively at the specter, then bends down over the drawing board and proceeds to do his stuff. *(1925)*

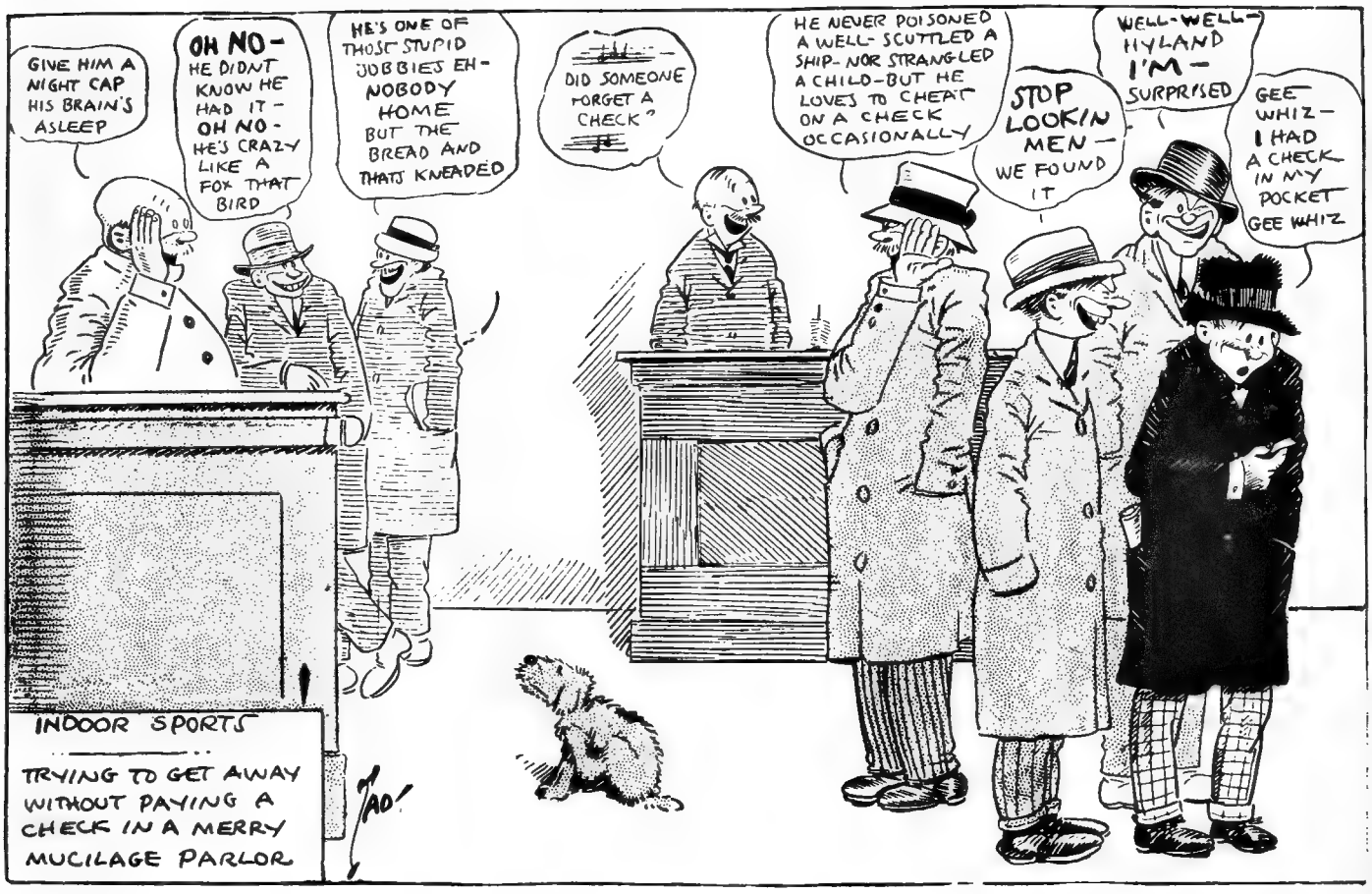
INDOOR AND OUTDOOR SPORTS—TAD's most popular running features were only marginally sports cartoons: Usually the sports referred to were seeing windbags deflated, cheapskates exposed, and gossipers shown up. So in these panels a living room or office was the setting as often as the gym or baseball diamond. To TAD everything was a sport . . . and, in life, everything was fair game.

HIS HOME IN THE COUNTRY- WHERE DOES HE GET THAT STUFF - THE FATHEAD LIVES IN A FURNISHED ROOM UP THE STREET
HAW-HAW- WAIT TILL THE BOSS HEARS THIS- HE'S STUCK ON HER.. HIMSELF- NOBODY + HOME HAWKINS
RAP
HEY HAWKINS LAY OFF THAT STUFF WHADDYEMEAN YOUR COUNTRY HOME
UH- GOOD MORNING MAE- I BROUGHT YOU A FEW FLOWERS FROM MY COUNTRY HOME- YOUR DESK WILL LOOK A BIT MORE CHEERFUL I HOPE- ALTHOUGH -
WHY- MR- HAWKINS
TAD
INDOOR - SPORTS
SETTING YOURSELF IN WITH THE NEW STENOG

CAN YOU BEAT THAT MRS DOOLITTLE IS LET OFF AT 50¢ PER WEEK AND SHE HAS MORE DOLLARS THAN CARTER HAS PILLS
YES - SHE'S AN F.F.V AND HER RICH UNCLE MAJOR CEMENT WEARS STONES AS BIG AS EGG PLANTS YOU'D STEP IN OVER YOUR SHOES ON HER VELVET CARPETS
NOW - WE HAVE AGREED UPON THE ASSESSMENT OF MRS DOOLITTLE AS 50¢ PER WEEK THAT WILL SUFFICE FOR HER - N-OW - THE NEXT NAME IS MRS SKINFLINT I THINK 50¢ PER WEEK -
I'M PAYING 45¢ PER WEEK AND I'M ONLY CLERKING FOR OLD DOOLITTLE
YES I KNOW - MRS DOOLITTLE TOO - SHE'S SO MEAN THAT IF SHE OWNED A LAKE SHE WOULDNT GIVE A DUCK A DRINK
LET US PROCEED - MR DOOLITTLE IS AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE
NOBODY HOME BUT THE SERVANTS SECRET AND THATS LEAKING OUT
SOME COMMITTEE EH JONES
INDOOR SPORTS - LISTENING TO THE ASSESSING COMMITTEE SOAK THE CHURCH MEMBERS FOR $
AD

TA-TA-NUM HA
SAY NOSEY - SAY DO YOU SMELL ANYTHING DEAD AROUND HERE?
SNIFF SNIFF - NO
I WANT FREE LIFE AND I WANT FRESH AIR
WELL THEN THERE'S NOTHING DEAD
NOBODY HOME BUT THE CORSET AND THATS GOTTA STAY
WHERE'S THE CORNED BEEF THAT GOES WITH THAT?
THE SMELL OF THAT PILL WOULD MAKE A LIMBURGER CHEESE FAINT
INDOOR SPORTS
RIDING HOME IN THE SMOKER WITH A HICK WHO IS SMOKING AN ELECTION CIGAR
AD

I'LL LOOK IN THE DICTIONARY AND FIND OUT HOW TO SPELL NICKEL - LETS SEE - K-K- KN-
IT DOESNT BEGIN WITH A K YOU FATHEAD — NOBODY HOME BUT THE SEWING MACHINE AND THAT SEAMS SO NICE
HEY KID WE GOTTA HAVE THAT CARTOON IN TWO MINUTES OR IT DONT GET IN THE PAPER GET ME
HOW DYA SPELL NICKEL?
N-I-C-K-L-E
MAKE IT DIME - AN' GET THROUGH - MAKE IT DIME
HE'LL SPELL THAT D-I-M
WAIT A MINUTE I'LL RING UP HERRIMAN HE'D KNOW HE WENT TO COLLEGE
SCRAP
INDOOR SPORTS.
HELPING AN ARTIST FINISH HIS CARTOON IN A RUSH


GIVE HIM A NIGHT CAP HIS BRAIN'S ASLEEP
OH NO - HE DIDNT KNOW HE HAD IT - OH NO - HE'S CRAZY LIKE A FOX THAT BIRD
HE'S ONE OF THOSE STUPID JOBBIES EH - NOBODY HOME BUT THE BREAD AND THATS KNEADED
DID SOMEONE FORGET A CHECK?
HE NEVER POISONED A WELL- SCUTTLED A SHIP- NOR STRANGLED A CHILD-BUT HE LOVES TO CHEAT ON A CHECK OCCASIONALLY
STOP LOOKIN MEN — WE FOUND IT
WELL-WELL- HYLAND I'M - SURPRISED
GEE WHIZ - I HAD A CHECK IN MY POCKET GEE WHIZ
INDOOR SPORTS
TRYING TO GET AWAY WITHOUT PAYING A CHECK IN A MERRY MUCILAGE PARLOR

I DONT MIND PAYING 65¢ FOR THE QUEEN OF SPADES - IT COUNTS 13 AT A NICKEL A HEART BUT YOU JUST WAITED FOR ME - YOU STUCK ME —
HA-HA-HA- IT AINT SO FUNNY WHEN YOU GET IT YOURSELF IS IT JOE
WHADDYEMEAN!! WHADDYEMEAN!! DYETHINK I'D DELIBERATELY HOLD THE QUEEN FOR ANY CERTAIN FELLER? DONT SAY THAT JOE NOT THAT
AW DONT BE SQUAWKIN' PUT IN YER NICKELS AN' DEAL UP THE PASTEBOARDS
DID YOU GET THE ROAR? HA-HA-
THEYRE ALL STICKIN' JOE WITH THE QUEEN HE'S SUCH A TIGHTWAD
CANT THAT OLD BOY YELP EH?
TAD
INDOOR SPORTS
STICKING THE TIGHTWAD WITH THE QUEEN OF SPADES IN A HEART GAME

HELLO DEAR
I'LL BE A TRIFLE LATE FOR SUPPER - OH - IM AWFULLY SORRY - YES I'M WITH THE MANAGER - YES DEAR - ANYTHING YOUR LITTLE HEART DESIRES - OH - ALL - RIGHT - YES DEAR
WHADDYEMEAN YOULL BE LATE FOR SUPPER.. WHADDYETHINK THIS PLACE IS - A LUNCH ROOM - YES - I KNOW YOU'RE WITH A BUNCH OF LOWBROWS IN SOME BOWLING ALLEY - NEVER MIND THAT YES DEAR STUFF - GOOD NIGHT!! - BANG!!
STALL STUFF - SO THAT THE BOYS CAN HEAR
WHAT THE WIFF IS SAYING
WHAT A NICE MAN
GOSH BILL HAS IT EASY - HE AND HIS WIFE ARE LIKE TWO TURTLE DOVES
SHE'S ONE GIRL IN A THOUSAND - SHE UNDERSTANDS - GEE SHE DOESNT PUT UP A ROAR WHEN BILL'S LATE - SHE'S A WONDER
W-E-L-L BILL COULD GET ALONG WITH ANYONE - HE'S REALLY A NICE FELLOW - HIS WIFE COULDNT GET MAD AT HIM
TAD
INDOOR SPORTS.
RINGING UP THE WIFF IN A PUBLIC PLACE

NOBODY HOME BUT THE SPIDER AND THAT'S GOTTA FLY
LISTEN - LISTEN — FOR OVER 15 YEARS I'VE DEFEATED EVERY ONE WHO PLAYED IN THIS HOUSE - JIMMY HAD A BIT OF LUCK - WAIT FOR THE NEXT GAME NOW WAIT
GIVE HIM CREDIT — THE KID'S CLEVER — YOU'RE LIKE THE GIANTS POP — YOU'RE DONE HEE-HEE —
WANNA BET A DIME ON THE NEXT GAME POP?
CHAMPION OF DUFFY'S CASTLE AND ONLY 10 YEARS OLD
OH POP — HA HA THE BABY OF THE HOUSE BEATS HIS POP - HA-HA-HA
YOW WOW
E-E-E-
DAFFYDIL LAUGH
INDOOR SPORTS
WATCHING THE KID BEAT THE OLD MAN AT CHECKERS.

BUT GEE WHIZ FRANK YOU KNOW ME — I'M AS GOOD AS GOLD — I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU TOMORROW - I'LL WIN IT BACK BEFORE I GO
I'M DOWN TO MY LAST DOLLAR MYSELF — ASK LOUGH BOROUGH HE HAS A ROLL LIKE AN ASH CAN - DON'T SAY I TIPPED YOU OFF
SMITH HORNED IN HERE ON A SHOESTRING NOW HE'S MAKIN A TOUCH
WA H —. I'M GOHLNA GA HUM P-U-R-R-Q-WK
COME ON — COME ON — WHAT IS IT A JOKE? TELL US WERE MARRIED
TRYING TO MAKE A TOUCH IN THIS CROWD — HE OUGHTA WEAR A BLACK HAT HIS BRAINS ARE DEAD
YE-AH NOBODY HOME BUT THE UVSTER. AND THAT'S IN A STEW
INDOOR SPORTS
TRYING TO MAKE A TOUCH IN A TIGHTWAD POKER GAME

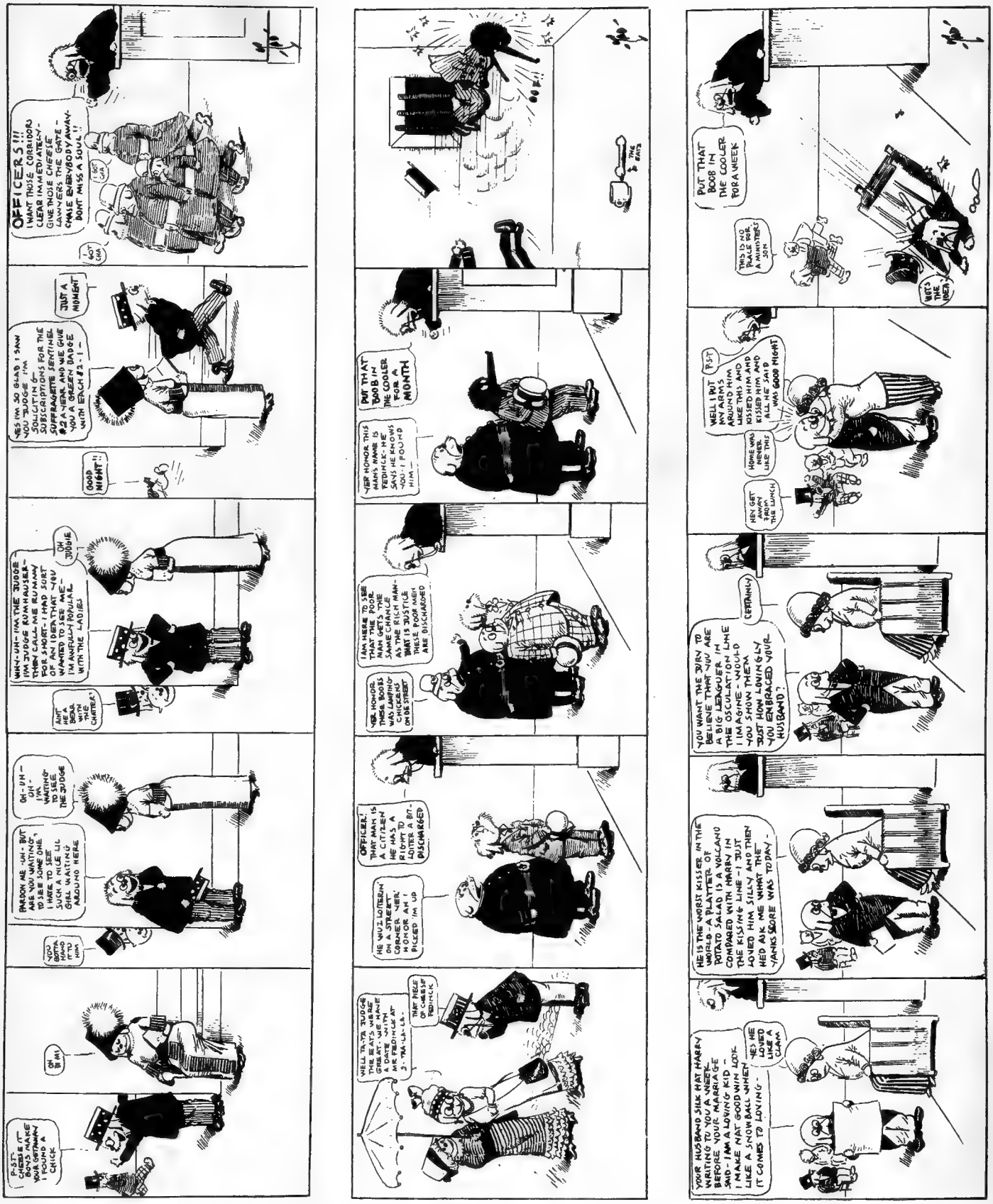
T.A. DORGAN, THAT'S A PERSON!! 'TAD'--THASS A SLANGUAGE!!
TAD
YEA BO!
WILL GOULD
BEGORRA! IF IT AINT TH' LAST O' THEM MOHICANS!!
WHERE'LL I FIND THAT JOURNAL JOINT, COP!!
HEY TAD! WHAD'YA MEAN BY DRAWIN' WHEN Y'AINT SCRUBBED 'EM FLOORS YET! HUH!!
AW!
GOSH!! THIS CARTOON RACKET AINT WHAT IT'S CRACKED UP TO BE!!
A STUNT TAD AND HARRY HERSHFIELD PULLED TO PUT THE DAMPER ON AMBITIOUS PESTS
TRANSLATE INTO THE TAD = A PECULIAR YOUNG SQUIRT WITH NO FUTURE, TOOK UNTO HIMSELF A STUPID YOUNG LADY FOR A WIFE!!
A SOUTHPAW CAKE-EATER WITH TWO STRIKES ON HIM, GRABBED HIMSELF A DUMB DORA FOR A STORM AND STRIFE!!
NOT YET - BUT SOON!
TAD STOPPED THE SHOW IN CITY HALL PARK WHEN HE FIRST BLEW IN FROM THE GOLDEN GATE --- WORE A STRAW KELLY AND A FLANNEL SUIT WITH ZERO WEATHER ON DECK

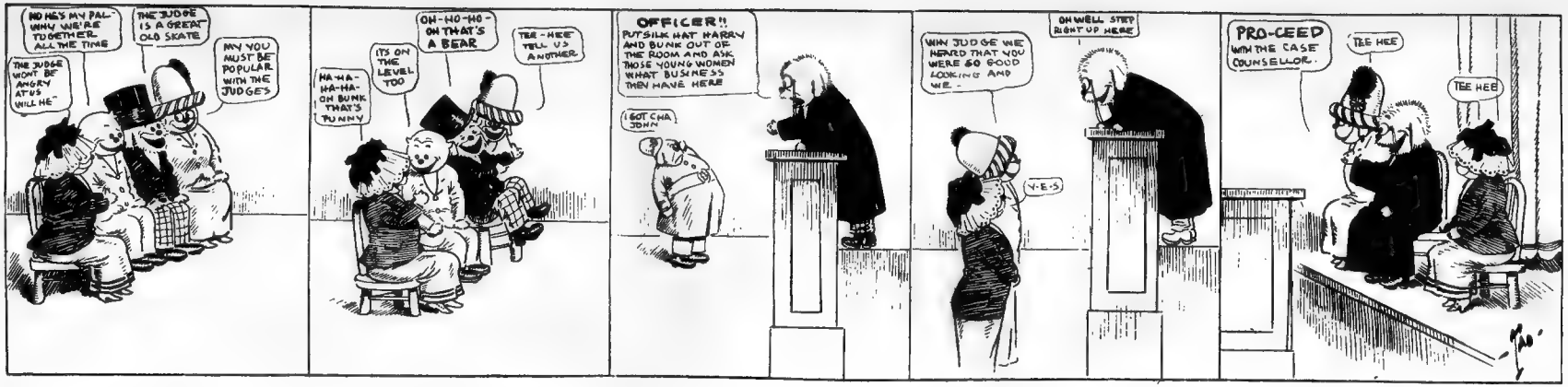
TAD-BITS—This tribute by Will Gould, who later drew *Red Barry*, appeared in the King Features magazine *Circulation* in the mid-'20s.

Silk Hat Harry's Divorce Suit

WELL WELL MY OLD PAL HENRY I WANT YOU TO MEET DOROTHY AND SUSIE TWO LITTLE FRIENDS OF MINE FROM NORFOLK VIRGINIA
THEE HEE
SUFFOCATED WITH PLEASURE
OH MY
HORSES!
I WAS JUST ON MY WAY TO THE HORSE SHOW- YOU KNOW I MUSTN'T ATTEND TO MY HORSES
HE'S A HORSEMAN EH
I HOPE YOU'LL PARDON MY RUSHING AWAY BUT I'LL BE AT THE SHOW BY EIGHT
HE'S THE FINEST MAN I'VE EVER MET AND HE'S SO NICE
HORSES!!
AND BOY, WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED BEDDING 'EM DOWN I WANT YOU TO TAKE THE DAPPLE GRAY AROUND THE BLOCK FOR EXERCISE
SH - SH GET OVER PETE - WHOA -
ATTENDING HIS DRINK AT THE HORSE SHOW
YOUR HONOR, A DEAR LITTLE GIRL WHO'S AT PRESENT IN THE ANTE ROOM DECLARES THAT THIS DEFENDANT SILK HAT HARRY IS HER PAPA - SHE IS VERY HUNGRY AND ASKS THAT HE SUPPORT HER
OH I DO HOPE IT'S A SANDAL
AM I NEVER TO BE A MOTHER
I THINK YOUR HONOR THAT WE SHOULD LOOK INTO THIS MATTER IMMEDIATELY
WE SHALL MR. GOLDILOCKS THIS SORT OF THING IS AN OUTRAGE
DEFENDANT!! STEP UP TO THE STAND
BE BRAVE HARRY BE BRAVE
AW GEE THEY MIGHT CALL ME AS CO-CO AND SAY THAT MY AFFINITY ENDLE BUT THIS IS FIERCE!
BRING THE DEAR LITTLE GIRLIE IN I'LL SEE IF SHE RESEMBLES HER PAPA
GEE I'M GOING TO WRITE A BOOK CHILDREN MAD'S
HELLO POPSIE
OFFICER
QUICK WATSON THE YEN HOK
OH DI MI
ALECKTHANDER!!
OH I GUESS IT'S SAFE TO GO BACK NOW
I ACTUALLY KNOW ONE FELLOW WHO SHUDDERS WHENEVER HE HEARS HIS WIFE'S VOICE GEE WHIZ HE
REALLY?
DON'T YOU SOMETIMES WISH THAT YOU WERE MARRIED TO JUDGE?
INDEED I DO - BUT YOU KNOW WHEN I TUMBLE I'LL BE THE BOSS - I DON'T WANT MY WIFE TO BOSS ME I'LL BE THE BOSS
OH - I THINK THAT'S TOO SWEET
YES YOU KNOW MY REGULAR NAME IS JUDGE RUMHAUSER BUT THEY CALL ME RUMMY FOR SHORT

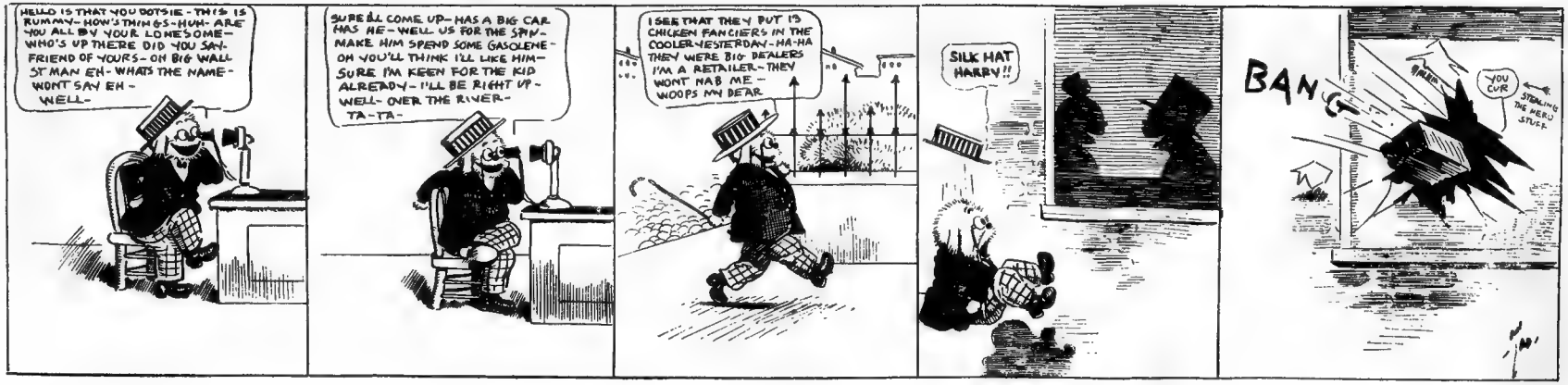
SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—Shattering our image of the straight-laced demands of an earlier day is this remarkable strip. In it the heroes cheated on their wives with loose women, stayed in saloons all night, and regularly schemed against each other. Could such a rollicking strip pass editors today? From his first Sunday pages for Hearst (1904) through *Silk Hat Harry*, TAD used his raucous group of animal characters: Judge Alexandere Rumhauser (Rummy); Silk Hat Harry; P. McIntire Bunk; Paul Fedinck the French Frog; Curlock Holmes; and Reno Ruth, looser than a size 16 shoe.


OFFICERS!!!
I WANT THOSE CORRIDORS CLEAR IMMEDIATELY - GIVE THOSE CHEESE LAWYERS THE GATE - CHASE EVERYBODY AWAY - DONT MISS A SOUL!!
YES I'M SO GLAD I SAW YOU JUDGE I'M SOLICITING SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE SUBSCRIPTIONLESS SENTINEL SUPPLEMENT AND WE GIVE YOU A GREEN BADGE WITH EACH $2 - 1 -
JUST A MOMENT
GOOD NIGHT!!
WHY-UH-I'M THE JUDGE I'M JUDGE RUMHAUSER - THEY CALL ME RUMMY FOR SHORT - I HAD SORT OF AN IDEA THAT YOU WANTED TO SEE ME - I'M AWFULLY POPULAR WITH THE LADIES
OH JOSHIE
AINT HE A HOOT WITH THE CHATTER!
PARDON ME UH - BUT ARE YOU WAITING TO SEE SOMEONE, I HAVE TO SEE SUCH A NICE LIL GIRL WAITING AROUND HERE
OH - UH - UH - I'M WAITING TO SEE THE JUDGE
YOU GOTTA HAND IT TO HIM
OH MI
PAST CHEESE IT BOYS MAKE YOUR GETAWAY I FOUND A CHUMP
HELLO TATA JUDGE THE BOYS HAVE MADE A DATE WITH MR FEDINCK AT 3 - HA-HA-HA -
THAT PIECE OF CHEESE FEDINCK
HE WUZ LOITERIN ON A STREET CORNER YER HONOR AM I PICKED 'IM UP
OFFICER! THAT MAN IS A CITIZEN HE HAS A RIGHT TO LOITER A BIT - RELEASED
YER HONOR THESE BOOZE WAS ARRESTED FOR CHICKENS ON DE STREET
I AM HERE TO SEE THAT THE POOR ARE GIVEN THE SAME CHANCE AS THE RICH MAN - THAT IS JUSTICE THESE POOR MEN ARE DISCHARGED
YER HONOR THIS MAN'S NAME IS FEDINCK - HE SAYS HE KNOWS YOU - I FOUND HIM -
PUT THAT BOOB IN THE COOLER FOR A MONTH
THE BOYS
PUT THAT BOOB IN THE COOLER FOR A WEEK
THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A MOTHER'S SON
WOT'S HER NAME?
WELL I PUT MY ARMS AROUND HIM LIKE THIS AND KISSED HIM AND KISSED HIM AND KISSED HIM AND ALICE SAID WAS GOOD NIGHT
PUT
HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS
HEY GET AWAY FROM THE LUNCH
YOU WANT THE JURY TO BELIEVE THAT YOU ARE A BIG LOAFER! IM THE OSCULATION LINE I IMAGINE YOU SHUN THEM JUST HOW LOVINGLY YOU EMBRACED YOUR HUSBAND?
CERTAINLY
HE IS THE WORST KISSER IN THE WORLD - A PLATTER OF POTATO SALAD IS A VOLCANO COMPARED WITH HARRY IN THE KISSING LINE - I JUST LOVED HIM SILLY AND THEN HED ASK ME WHAT THE - YANKS SCORE WAS TODAY -
YOUR HUSBAND SILK HAT HARRY WRITING TO YOU A WHEEL BEFORE YOUR MARRIAGE SAID - I'M A LOVING KID - I MAKE THAT GOOD WIN LOOK LIKE A SNOWBALL WHEN IT COMES TO LOVING -
YES HE LOVED LIKE A CLAM

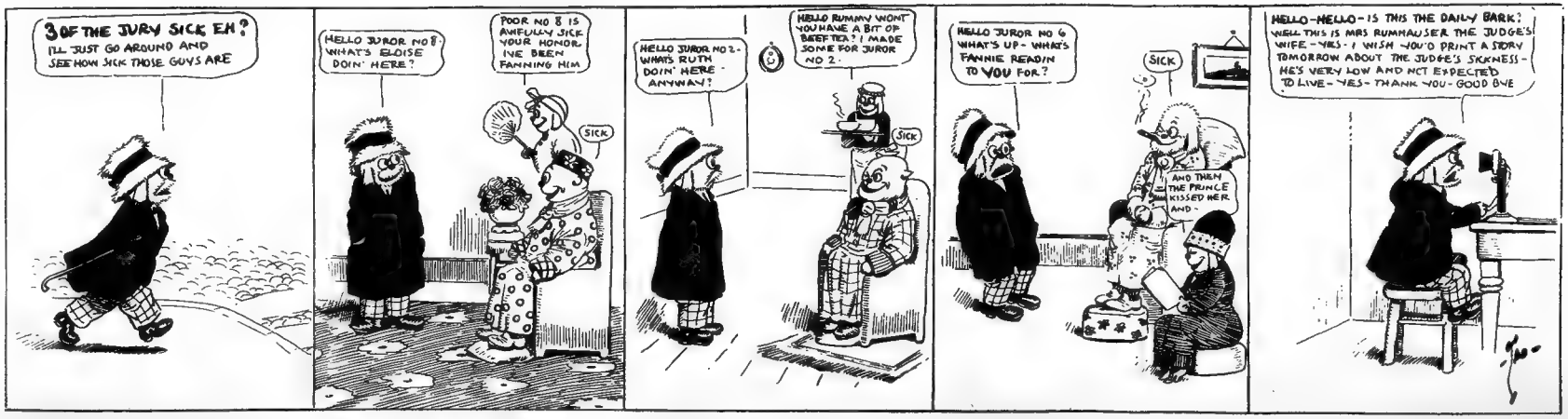

NO HE'S MY PAL HARRY WE'RE TOGETHER ALL THE TIME
THE JUDGE IS A GREAT OLD SKATE
THE JUDGE WON'T BE ANGRY AT US WILL HE-
MY YOU MUST BE POPULAR WITH THE JUDGES
OH-HO-HO- OH THAT'S A BEAR
TEE-HEE TELL US ANOTHER
ITS ON THE LEVEL TOO
HA-HA-HA-HA-OH BUNK THAT'S FUNNY
OFFICER!! PUT SILK HAT HARRY AND BUNK OUT OF THE ROOM AND ASK THOSE YOUNG WOMEN WHAT BUSINESS THEY HAVE HERE
I GOT CHA JOHN
WHY JUDGE WE HEARD THAT YOU WERE SO GOOD LOOKING AND WE -
Y-E-S
OH WELL STEP RIGHT UP HERE
PRO-CEED WITH THE CASE COUNSELLOR.
TEE HEE
TEE HEE

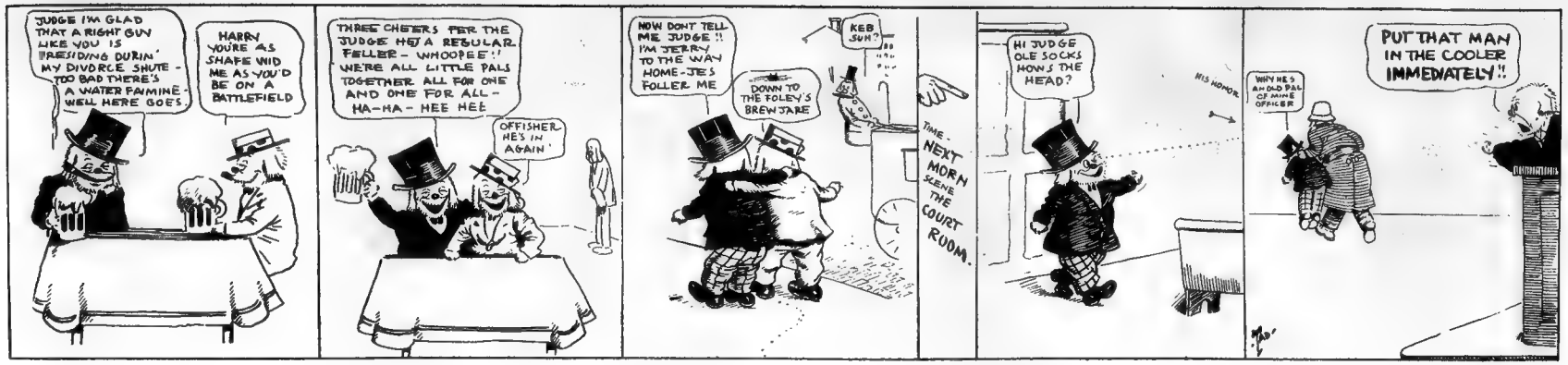
HUH- I WONDER WHAT THOSE TWO SKIRTS ARE RUNNING TOWARDS ME FOR. MUST BE SOMETHING UP.
HEY WAIT A MINUTE
OH UNCLE
ITS UNCLE DAVID I KNEW IT WAS
OH MAMMA WILL BE SO GLAD WHEN SHE HEARS THAT YOU ARRIVED SAFELY.
WHAT THEY DONT KNOW WONT BOTHER 'EM
UNCLE DAVE IS THE SAME GOOD NATURED OLD UNCLE IS HE EDNA?
THEY'RE IN THERE PHONING TO MA - ABOUT MY ARRIVAL - GEE THIS IS A HIT - I NEVER SAW THEM BEFORE - THEY'RE LONG ENOUGH ABOUT IT - THEY MUST BE CALLING UP AUSTRALIA - WHAT TIME IS IT ANYWAY
GEE I KNOW I HAD IT WHEN I LEFT COURT
I DONT CARE SO MUCH FOR THE WATCH SERGEANT - BUT THERE'S A PHOTO OF MY DEAR LITTLE WIFE IN IT AND ITS THE ONLY ONE I HAD

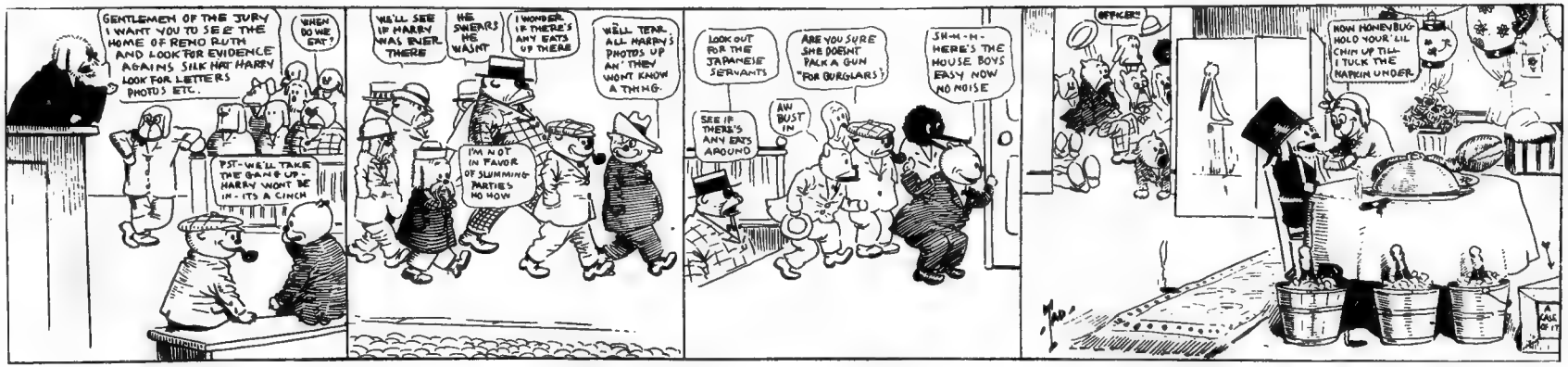
NOW-AH-MRS SILK HAT HARRY AH- DO YOU THINK YOUR HUSBAND REALLY LOVED YOU WHEN HE BUMPED HIS KNOB ON THE ALTAR RAIL?
HI HO-GEE I HAD A TOUGH TIME LAST NIGHT HA HO
WELL- YOU KNOW I WAS A WIDOW WHEN HE MARRIED ME - MY HUSBAND STEALTHY STEVE CROAKED AND LEFT ME WITH 19 CHILDREN
HARRY ALWAYS TALKED OF STEVE - I WASN'T SURE WHETHER HE HATED HIM OR NOT SO - ONE DAY I GRABS HARRY BY THE EAR AND
LOW AND BEHOLD
YGR-R-R
ASKS HIM IF HE IS JEALOUS OF MY POOR DEAD STEVE - NO HE SHOUTED I ENVY HIM!!
BUO-HOO-HOO
DARN THOSE FLIES
WHAT THE
NIX JUDGE NIX


HELLO IS THAT YOU DOTSIE - THIS IS RUMMY - HOW'S THINGS - HUM - ARE YOU ALL BY YOUR LONESOME - WHO'S UP THERE DID YOU SAY FRIEND OF YOURS - OH BIG WALL ST MAN EH - WHATS THE NAME - WONT SAY EH - WELL -
SURE I'LL COME UP - HAS A BIG CAR HAS HE - WELL US FOR THE SPIN - MAKE HIM SPEND SOME GASOLENE - OH YOU'LL THINK I'LL LIKE HIM - SURE I'M KEEN FOR THE KID ALREADY - I'LL BE RIGHT UP - WELL - OVER THE RIVER - TA-TA -
I SEE THAT THEY PUT 13 CHICKEN FANCIERS IN THE COOLER YESTERDAY - HA-HA THEY WERE BIG DEALERS I'M A RETAILER - THEY WONT NAB ME - WOOPS MY DEAR
SILK HAT HARRY!!
BANG
YOU CUR
STEALING THE HERO STUFF

YER HONOR THIS MAN'S WIFE WANTED HIM PINCHED CUZ HE NEVER GIVES HER A CENT AND SPENDS HIS TIME IN GILDED CAFES
WHISKEY MY MAN IS A HYDRA-HEADED MONSTER, WHICH WITH CEASELESS AND TIRELESS ENERGY WASTES THE SUBSTANCE OF THE POOR, MANUFACTURES BURDENSOME TAXES FOR THE PUBLIC, MONOPOLIZES THE TIME OF COURTS -
FILLS THE JAILS PENITENTIARIES AND ASYLUMS DESTROYS MANHOOD, TERRORIZES HELPLESS WOMEN AND INNOCENT CHILDREN, MUFFLES THE CHURCH AND MOCKS THE LAW.
PUT THAT BOOB IN THE COOLER FOR A YEAR
ZOWIE
RIGHT HERE
5
LARGEST IN THE CITY FOR A NICKEL

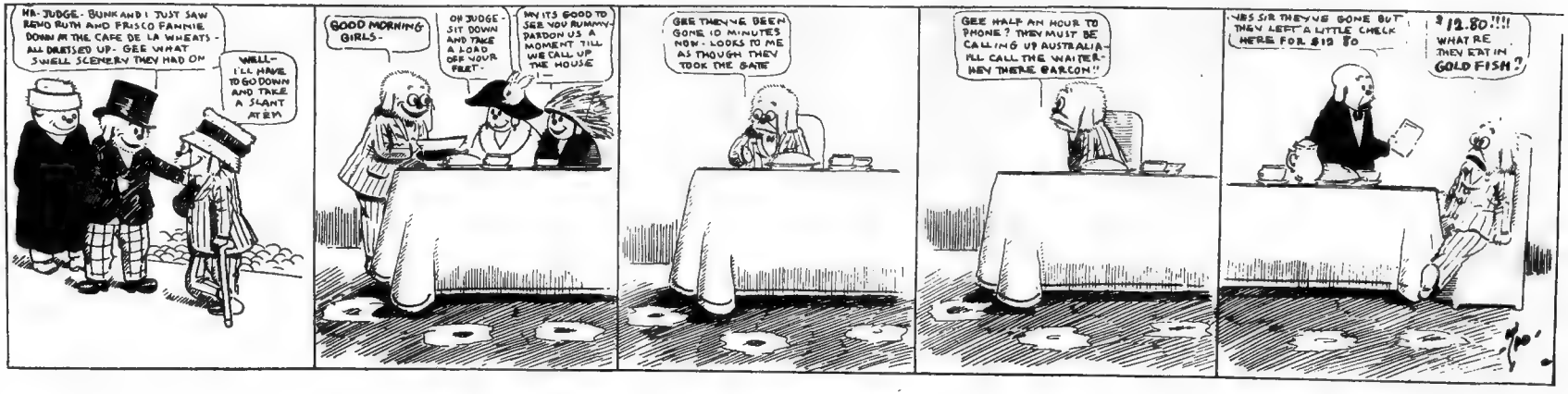

3 OF THE JURY SICK EH? I'LL JUST GO AROUND AND SEE HOW SICK THOSE GUYS ARE
HELLO JUROR NO 8 WHAT'S ELOISE DOIN' HERE?
POOR NO 8 IS AWFULLY SICK YOUR HONOR, I'VE BEEN FANNING HIM
SICK
HELLO JUROR NO 2 - WHAT'S RUTH DOIN' HERE - ANYWAY?
HELLO RUMMY WONT YOU HAVE A BIT OF BEEF TEA? I MADE SOME FOR JUROR NO 2 -
SICK
HELLO JUROR NO 6 WHAT'S UP - WHAT'S FANNIE READIN TO YOU FOR?
SICK
AND THEN THE PRINCE KISSED HER AND -
HELLO - HELLO - IS THIS THE DAILY BARK? WELL THIS IS MRS RUMMAUSER THE JUDGE'S WIFE - YES - I WISH YOU'D PRINT A STORY TOMORROW ABOUT THE JUDGE'S SICKNESS - HE'S VERY LOW AND NOT EXPECTED TO LIVE - YES - THANK YOU - GOOD BYE

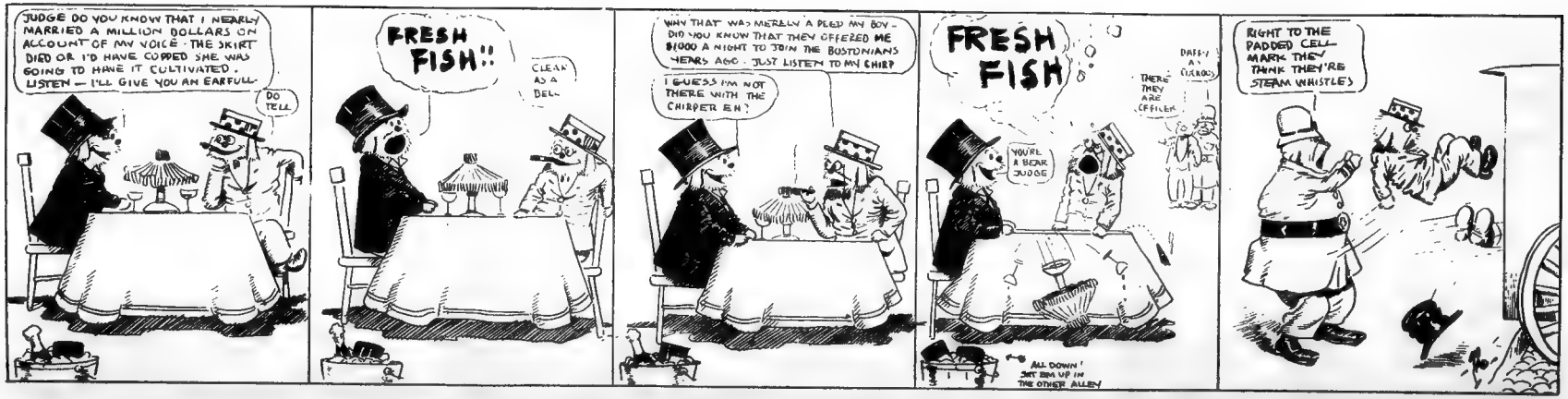

JUDGE I'M GLAD THAT A RIGHT GUY LIKE YOU IS PRESIDING DURIN' MY DIVORCE SHUTE - TOO BAD THERE'S A WATER FAMINE - WELL HERE GOES
HARRY YOU'RE AS SHAPE WID ME AS YOU'D BE ON A BATTLEFIELD
THREE CHEERS PER THE JUDGE HE'S A REGULAR FELLER - WHOOPEE!! WE'RE ALL LITTLE PALS TOGETHER ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL - HA-HA - HEE HEE
OFFISHER HE'S IN AGAIN
NOW DONT TELL ME JUDGE !! I'M JERRY TO THE WAY HOME - JES FOLLER ME
KEB SUH?
DOWN TO THE FOLEY'S BREW JARE
TIME - NEXT MORN SCENE THE COURT RUOM.
HI JUDGE OLE SOCKS HOWS THE HEAD?
HIS HONOR
WHY HES AN OLD PAL OF MINE OFFICER
PUT THAT MAN IN THE COOLER IMMEDIATELY!!


GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY I WANT YOU TO SEE THE HOME OF RENO RUTH AND LOOK FOR EVIDENCE AGAINS SILK HAT HARRY LOOK FOR LETTERS PHOTOS ETC.
WHEN DO WE EAT?
PST - WE'LL TAKE THE GANG UP - HARRY WONT BE IN - ITS A CINCH
WE'LL SEE IF HARRY WAS EVER THERE
HE SWEARS HE WASNT
I WONDER IF THERE'S ANY EATS UP THERE
I'M NOT IN FAVOR OF SLUMMING PARTIES NO HOW
WELL TEAR ALL HARRY'S PHOTOS UP AN' THEY WONT KNOW A THING
LOOK OUT FOR THE JAPANESE SERVANTS
ARE YOU SURE SHE DOESNT PACK A GUN "FOR BURGLARS"?
SH-M-M - HERE'S THE HOUSE BOYS EASY NOW NO NOISE
SEE IF THERE'S ANY EATS AROUND
AW BUST IN
OFFICER!!
NOW HONEYBUG HOLD YOUR LIL CHIN UP TILL I TUCK THE NAPKIN UNDER

THE JUDGE IS A REGULAR GUY - WHOOPEE
CHINGLE BELLS CHINGLE BELLS CHINGLE ALL THE DAY
BOYS I'M GOING TO GIVE A BIG BLOWOUT AT MY HOUSE ON MY BIRTHDAY AND YOU'RE ALL INVITED
OH YOU RUMMY
OH IS THAT SO - WELL SIR IF YOU THINK THAT FEDINCK THAT FRENCH NUISANCE IS COMING TO MY HOUSE YOURE SADLY MISTAKEN AND -
MY DEAR THATS THE LIST OF FRIENDS I HAVE INVITED TO MY LITTLE BIRTHDAY PARTY
WHAT'S THIS!! BUNK INVITED - IF YOU DARE TO BRING THAT RUNT INTO THIS HOUSE I'LL HAVE YOUR LIFE - THAT LITTLE CHIPPIE CHASER - KEEPS YOU OUT LATE AT NIGHT AND NEVER PAYS HIS DEBTS - ALECK THANDER - HE IS AS WELCOME HERE AS SMALLPOX
NERVOUS STUFF
SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THAT NOTORIOUS SILK HAT HARRY OH-OH - NEVER WHILE I'M HERE - THAT MAN HARRY IS A RENEGADE LEFT HIS LITTLE WIFE AND FAMILY - THERE'LL BE NO PARTY HERE.
BOYS!! AWFULLY GLAD TO SHEE THE OLD GANG TOGETHER ONCESH MORE. ONTHIS ISH MY 23ED BIRTHDAY - AS JOHN SELDEN SAID OLD FRIENDS ARE BEST. KING JAMES USED TO CALL FOR HIS OLD SHOES; THEY WERE EASIEST FOR HIS FEET. MY OLD FRENS AND MY OLE FEET SHAN'T -

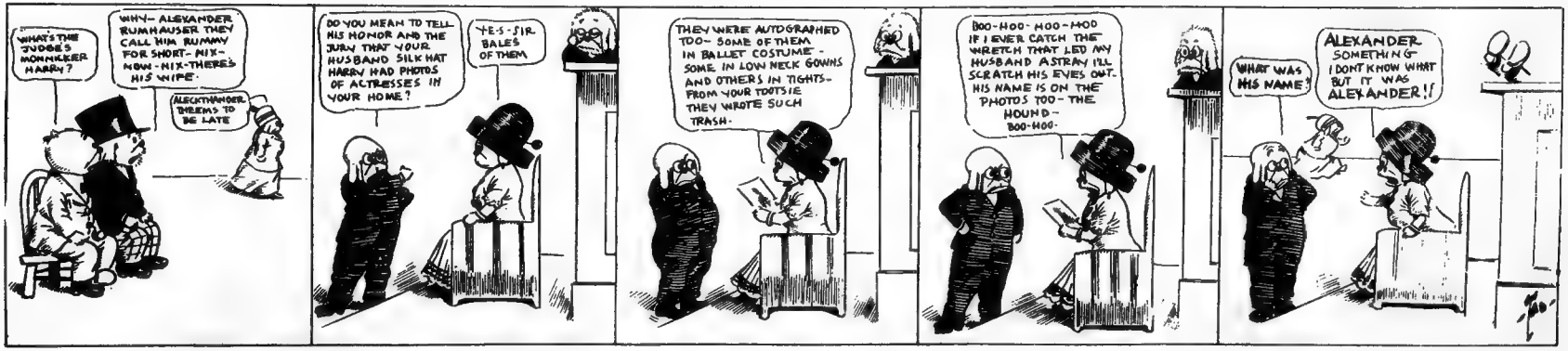
SAY THERE'S SOME CLASS TO THOSE NEW MORSE BLANKET COATS THE WIFEY'S ARE WEARING
I'LL HAVE TO STROLL ALONG THIS ALLEY EVERY DAY NOW ON MY WAY TO COURT - THIS IS SOME LANE FOR A POULTRY PANCIER
GEE I'D LIKE TO HAVE A SWELL CHICK WITH ME NOW AND RUN INTO HARRY - IT WOULD KNOCK HIM DEAD
ISN'T THAT YOUR FRIEND THE JUDGE?
YAAS


HA- JUDGE - BUNK AND I JUST SAW RENO RUTH AND FRISCO FANNIE DOWN AT THE CAFE DE LA WHEATS - ALL DRESSED UP - GEE WHAT SWELL SCENERY THEY HAD ON
WELL - I'LL HAVE TO GO DOWN AND TAKE A SLANT AT 'EM
GOOD MORNING GIRLS -
OH JUDGE - SIT DOWN AND TAKE A LOAD OFF YOUR FEET -
MY ITS GOOD TO SEE YOU RUMMY - PARDON US A MOMENT TILL WE CALL UP THE HOUSE -
GEE THEY'VE BEEN GONE 10 MINUTES NOW - LOOKS TO ME AS THOUGH THEY TOOK THE GATE
GEE HALF AN HOUR TO PHONE? THEY MUST BE CALLING UP AUSTRALIA - I'LL CALL THE WAITER - HEY THERE GARCON!!
YES SIR THEY'VE GONE BUT THEY LEFT A LITTLE CHECK HERE FOR $12 80
$12.80!!!! WHAT DO THEY EAT IN GOLD FISH?

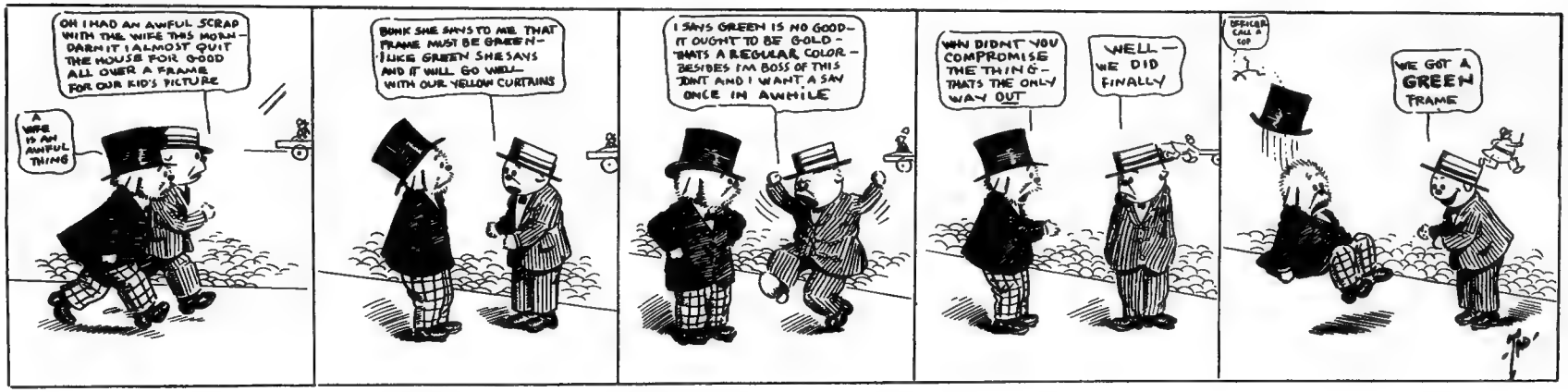

JUDGE DO YOU KNOW THAT I NEARLY MARRIED A MILLION DOLLARS ON ACCOUNT OF MY VOICE - THE SKIRT DIED OR I'D HAVE COPPED SHE WAS GOING TO HAVE IT CULTIVATED . LISTEN — I'LL GIVE YOU AN EARFULL
DO TELL
FRESH FISH!!
CLEAR AS A BELL
WHY THAT WAS MERELY A PEEP MY BOY - DID YOU KNOW THAT THEY OFFERED ME $1000 A NIGHT TO JOIN THE BOSTONIANS YEARS AGO - JUST LISTEN TO MY CHIRP
I GUESS I'M NOT THERE WITH THE CHIRPER EH?
FRESH FISH
DAISY A CLERK!
THERE THEY ARE OFFICER
YOU'RE A BEAR JUDGE
ALL DOWN! SET 'EM UP IN THE OTHER ALLEY
RIGHT TO THE PADDED CELL MARK THEY THINK THEY'RE STEAM WHISTLES

NOW YOU ALSO ARE MENTIONED IN THIS SUIT FOR DIVORCE — I HAVE HERE A PICTURE OF YOURSELF TAKEN AT OSTEND WHERE YOU WERE SWIMMING — DID YOU WRITE THOSE SWEET NOTHINGS TO HARRY ON THE REVERSE SIDE —
DID I WRITE IT- NO-NO HON SILLY
YES- HERE IT IS-IN BLACK AND WHITE - TO MY SWEET LITTLE HARRY AND SO FORTH -
WONT YOU LET ME LOOK AT IT? SOME OF THE BOYS MUST HAVE WRITTEN IT -
S-O YOU DENY THE AUTOGRAPH -
WHY OF COURSE NOT- THAT IS NOT MY HANDWRITING -
YOUR HONOR - I HAPPEN TO HAVE A NOTE BY GABBY HERE TOO I WISH THAT YOU AND THE JURY WOULD COMPARE THE TWO
YES-WE'LL EXAMINE THEM CAREFULLY COUNSELLOR
SAY!!
WHERE IS OSTEND, JUDGE?
PASS IT BACK YER HONOR

A VERY UNDIGNIFIED PERFORMANCE — BRING THEM IN
YER HONNER I GOT THEM TWO RUFFNECK FOOTBALL PLAYERS THAT BUSTED UP THE THEEATRE LAST NIGHT— SHALL I BRING EM IN?
SHE WAS ONLY ON THE STAGE A MINUTE AN WE WANTED TO SEE MORE OF HER, SO -
HAVE YOU NO DIGNITY- DOING SOMERSAULTS DOWN THE AISLES- JUMPING UP ON THE STAGE AND — NO DIGNITY NO DIGNITY
PRISONERS!! BE SEATED — CALL THE YOUNG LADY TO THE BAR- I MEAN TO THE RAIL.
I GOT CHA
OH!! SO YOURE THE ACTRESS WELL- WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY MY LITTLE ONE
DEMOTING JOY AND BLISS
WOOPS MY DEAR!!
WHERE DO YOU SHOW NEXT WEEK?


WHAT'S THE JUDGE'S MONNIKER HARRY?
WHY- ALEXANDER RUMHAUSER THEY CALL HIM RUMMY FOR SHORT- NIX- NOW- NIX- THERE'S HIS WIPE-
ALEXTHANDER SEEMS TO BE LATE
DO YOU MEAN TO TELL HIS HONOR AND THE JURY THAT YOUR HUSBAND SILK HAT HARRY HAD PHOTOS OF ACTRESSES IN YOUR HOME?
YE-S-SIR BALES OF THEM
THEY WERE AUTOGRAPHED TOO- SOME OF THEM IN BALLET COSTUME - SOME IN LOW NECK GOWNS AND OTHERS IN TIGHTS- FROM YOUR TOOTSIE THEY WROTE SUCH TRASH-
BOO-HOO- HOO-HOO IF I EVER CATCH THE WRETCH THAT LED MY HUSBAND ASTRAY I'LL SCRATCH HIS EYES OUT- HIS NAME IS ON THE PHOTOS TOO - THE HOUND - BOO-HOO-
WHAT WAS HIS NAME?
ALEXANDER SOMETHING I DONT KNOW WHAT BUT IT WAS ALEXANDER!!

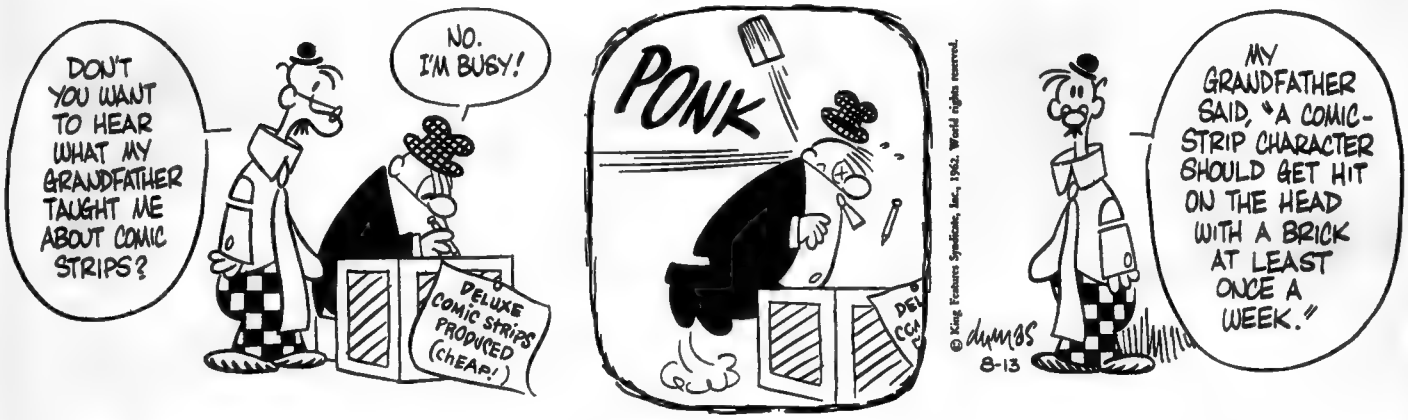
WELL WHADDAYA THINK OF THAT- HERE'S A NEW BILL FOR A HAT $1.98. I'LL BET THAT'S THE 47TH HAT THIS YEAR
LOOKIT HERE - MORE HATS - GEE WHIZ HERE I AM WORKING MY FINGERS TO THE BONE TRYING TO SAVE A PENNY OR TWO AND YOU SPEND IT ALL - DO YOU THINK I PRINT MONEY MYSELF? - HUH -
BUT ALEXTHAMOER LITHEN-
GEE I ALMOST FORGOT THE DATE I HAD WITH BUNK AND THAT SKIRT
SAY I JUST HAD A SCRAP WITH MY WIFE - I'LL BET SHE HAS MORE HATS AND DRESSES THAN A PRIMA-DONNA - SHE'S THE LIMIT
I'LL BETCHA RIGHT JUDGE
HEY GARCON - CHILL ANOTHER QUART O THAT GRAPE
I GOT CHA JOHN
RUMANY - YOU'RE NOT SUCH A BAD SKATE AFTER ALL - MIC


OH I HAD AN AWFUL SCRAP WITH THE WIFE THIS MORN - DARN IT I ALMOST QUIT THE HOUSE FOR GOOD ALL OVER A FRAME FOR OUR KID'S PICTURE
A WIFE IS AN AWFUL THING
BUNK SHE SAYS TO ME THAT FRAME MUST BE GREEN - I LIKE GREEN SHE SAYS AND IT WILL GO WELL - WITH OUR YELLOW CURTAINS
I SAYS GREEN IS NO GOOD - IT OUGHT TO BE GOLD - THATS A REGULAR COLOR - BESIDES I'M BOSS OF THIS JOINT AND I WANT A SAY ONCE IN AWHILE
WHY DIDN'T YOU COMPROMISE THE THING - THATS THE ONLY WAY OUT
WELL - WE DID FINALLY
OFFICER CALL A COP
WE GOT A GREEN FRAME

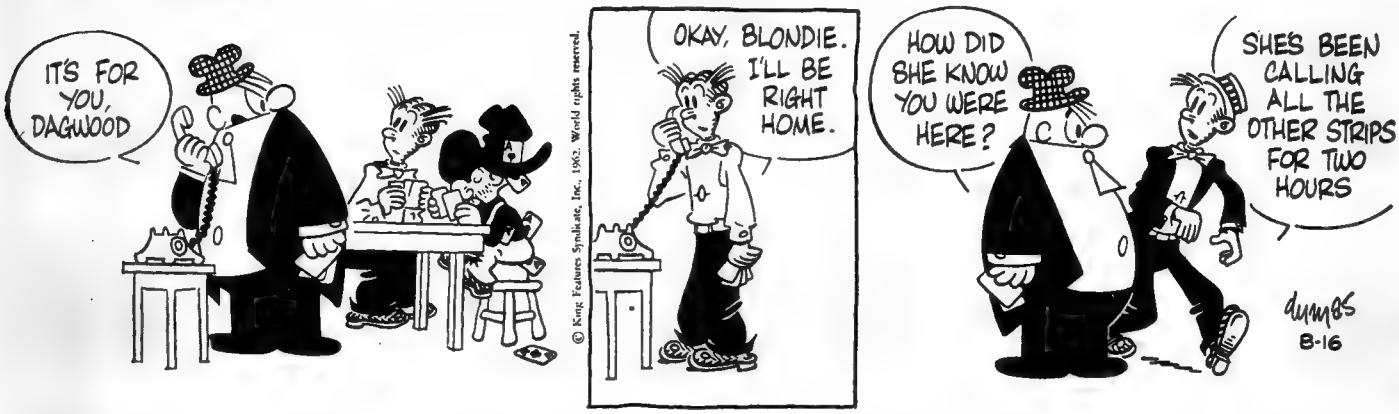
HUH- GEE I CAME IN HERE TO BUY SOME OF THOSE ISCENT SOCKS BUT THAT SKIAT HAS BEEN LAMPING AT ME SO HARD THAT I CANT THINK OF ANYTHING BUT HER
CAN YOU BEAT IT? GEE WHEREVER I GO SHE KEEP SLANTING AT ME - I'LL BET SHE'S STUCK ON MY SHAPE OR LIKES THE KELLY I WEAR.
I WONDER IF I HAVENT MET HER SOMEPLACE - MAYBE I HAVE AND FORGOT IT - WELL I'LL GO OVER AND BUZZ HER A BIT ANYWAY.
HOW DO YOU DO - HAVENT I MET YOU BEFORE YOUR FACE IS AWFULLY FAMILIAR TO ME -
WHY I'M THE STORE DETECTIVE I'M WATCHING THE COUNTERS FOR DIPS -
OH!! LIKE THAT

SAM'S STRIP RETURNS!

by Mort Walker and Jerry Dumas


DON'T YOU WANT TO HEAR WHAT MY GRANDFATHER TAUGHT ME ABOUT COMIC STRIPS?
NO. I'M BUSY!
DELUXE COMIC STRIPS PRODUCED (CHEAP!)
PONK
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1962. World rights reserved.
dumas 8-13
MY GRANDFATHER SAID, "A COMIC-STRIP CHARACTER SHOULD GET HIT ON THE HEAD WITH A BRICK AT LEAST ONCE A WEEK."

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY COMIC STRIP?!
BEAT IT!!
HOW CAN I RUN A HIGH-CLASS STRIP WITH THOSE BUMS FROM THE OTHER STRIPS HANGING AROUND?
DELUXE CARTOONS DONE (CHEAP)
8-15
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1962. World rights reserved.
(SIGH) I'LL BE GLAD WHEN I CAN AFFORD TO MOVE TO A BETTER NEIGHBORHOOD NEAR THE EDITORIAL PAGE
BAM
SOK!
PLOP!
#!!


IT'S FOR YOU, DAGWOOD
OKAY, BLONDIE. I'LL BE RIGHT HOME.
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HOW DID SHE KNOW YOU WERE HERE?
SHES BEEN CALLING ALL THE OTHER STRIPS FOR TWO HOURS
dumas 8-16

THIS COMIC STRIP UNFAIR TO SKILLED MICE
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1962. World rights reserved.
OKAY, IGNATZ! I'LL MEET YOUR DEMANDS. CALL OFF THE STRIKE
THIS COMIC STRIP UNFAIR TO SK'ILLED
10-5
IT'S THESE FRINGE BENEFITS THAT ARE HURTING EMPLOYERS
ZIP
POW
dumas
HAVE AT YOU
POW
ZIP
IGNATZ! TAKE YOUR BRICKS AND GO SOME-PLACE ELSE!
10-4
dumas
YOU JUST MESS THE WHOLE PLACE UP WITH ALL YOUR BRICK-THROWING!
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1962. World rights reserved.
AND TAKE YOUR SHADING WITH YOU!
LOOK! REAL PEOPLE!
THE FIRST ONES WE'VE SEEN SINCE ALICE!
10-3
dumas
HOW DID THEY GET HERE? I THOUGHT WE BOARDED UP THAT RABBIT HOLE!
IT ALL STARTED WHEN WE MADE A WRONG TURN OFF THE TURNPIKE
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1962. World rights reserved.
IT'S TOUGH GETTING A COMIC STRIP STARTED
FIRST YOU GOTTA HAVE FUNNY CHARACTERS... THEY'RE HARD TO THINK UP
10-24
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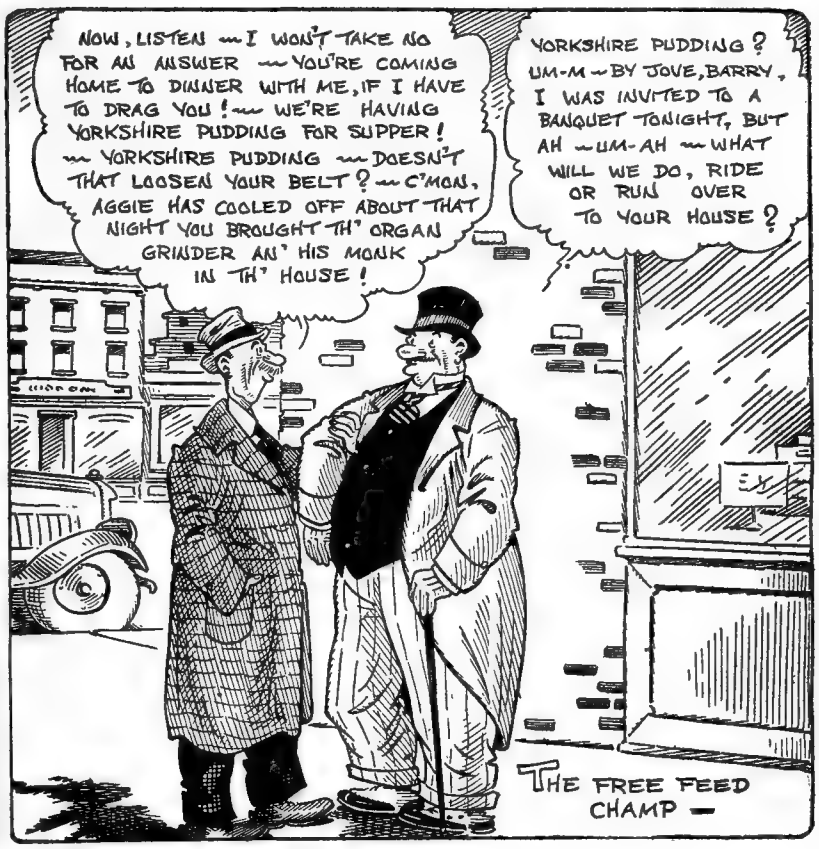
HOLD THAT POSE A MINUTE, WILLYA?
dumas

Boarding House Days

The Life and Imaginary Times of

I'VE SEARCHED EVERY POSSIBLE NOOK WHERE I MIGHT HAVE PUT MY MONEY, BUT HANGED IF I CAN FIND IT! — SO I AM GOING OUT NOW TO CONSULT WITH A FORTUNE TELLER! — MIGHT BE ABLE TO BRING TO LIGHT, FROM MY SUBCONSCIOUS MIND, THE FORGOTTEN HIDING PLACE!
WELL, I LOOKED ALL OVER YOUR ROOM, BUT FOUND ONLY A FOLDING CORKSCREW AND A PRIZE YOU ONCE WON IN A TUG-OF-WAR! — IF IT'S ENOUGH MONEY YOU HID, THE FORTUNE TELLER MAY GIVE UP HIS CARDS AND CRYSTAL AND GO FIFTY-FIFTY WITH YOU FOR FINDING IT!
GOING FOR OUTSIDE HELP-


NOW, LISTEN — I WON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER — YOU'RE COMING HOME TO DINNER WITH ME, IF I HAVE TO DRAG YOU! — WE'RE HAVING YORKSHIRE PUDDING FOR SUPPER! — YORKSHIRE PUDDING — DOESN'T THAT LOOSEN YOUR BELT? — C'MON, AGGIE HAS COOLED OFF ABOUT THAT NIGHT YOU BROUGHT TH' ORGAN GRINDER AN' HIS MONK IN TH' HOUSE!
YORKSHIRE PUDDING? UM-M — BY JOVE, BARRY, I WAS INVITED TO A BANQUET TONIGHT, BUT AH — UM-AH — WHAT WILL WE DO, RIDE OR RUN OVER TO YOUR HOUSE?
THE FREE FEED CHAMP —

Aside from 1313 Wump Street, where the Mullinses and Plushbottoms dwell, probably the most memorable boardinghouse in American comic strips was *Our Boarding House*: Hoople Manor, as presided over by Martha Hoople, its redoubtable manageress, and, of course, Major Amos Hoople, its chief ornament; monumental fountainhead for the subversive current of fantasy that one could always sense playing amid the ailing wallpaper, rumpsprung sofas and armchairs, yesterday's cooking smells, and hangdog boarders. The author, Eugene L. Ahern, easily matched Frank (*Moon Mullins*) Willard for appreciating and rendering the stodgy, dawdling, hands-in-pocket near-torpor of such a place, where it seems perennially to be Sunday afternoon: The men shuffled about in vests and pullovers, toothpicks or cigar butts drooping from jutting lower lips. Except for the ineluctable Martha, and an occasional maidenly, middle-aged schoolmistress type—inevitably frightened off, within five minutes of her visit, by the Major's more sanguinary big-game-hunting stories or the misunderstood eccentricities of some guest—the cast was largely male.

Although Major Hoople was a classic target of domestic wit for his failure to get a job, I cannot recall offhand seeing any of the boarders at a regular job, or even *en route* to one: The only regularly functioning souls at Hoople Manor appeared to be Martha and Jason, the Negro handyman. The standard facial expression was a Ned Sparks-stare of bilious doubt, which, one felt, would deepen to incredulity, were the other person to say anything remotely new or important. The telephone-booth cubicle of Ahern's weekday format—a single panel a day—emphasized the listless, late-afternoon atmosphere of dawdling talk; for the panel-a-day format must rely on talk, rather than on the contiguous action of five-or six-panel strips.

The *personae* of Hoople Manor appeared to be made of the same wrinkly, over-padded, faded-genteel fabric that composed the drapes, the armchair and sofa covers; thanks largely to Gene Ahern's drawing-line—unshaded, phlegmatic, yet strikingly weightless-looking—which dwelt like a vagrant upon folds and crinkles and the bulges of bellies. Here, I think, Ahern had the edge over Frank Willard, who relied mainly on his two reigning families, with an occasional paying guest introduced for plot-kinks. Ahern created a little constellation of boarders, who, though basically the same throughout *Our Boarding House*'s career, were nevertheless always reshuffling, always being infiltrated by newcomers.

The oldest fixtures included Clyde, a midwestern type, with scanty cowlick, lantern jaw, and air of dour tolerance; Buster, who looked like an aging Joe College, a quizzical wood-chuck in his eternal pullover sweater, with a stare of disarming innocence that inevitably accompanied the lethally deflating questions about the Major's fabulous tales.

And Arabian Nights

Major Hoople by Donald Phelps

There was my favorite of the steady boarders, Twiggs: a bald-headed, glowering-browed little snapping-turtle of a man, with a snapping-turtle's mode of address ("I might have passed you, going head-down in a blizzard!" is Twiggs's reply to a visitor's query about having met him before.) In later years, the household was variously augmented by the Hoople's irascible neighbor, Mr. Morgan; and Aunt Clara, Martha's sister, with her acerbic candor. There are the Major's counterparts: Two-gun Terry, an imposing, square-shouldered figure of the frontier West, who, however, in a haze of red-eye whiskey, would take any innocuous stranger for a member of the gun-slinging Beeler Boys—a brotherhood surely as various, and wide-spread, as that of the Mafia. There was the Major's brother, Robin, a streamlined and more larcenously purposeful edition of the Major, with the slicked hair and the sleepy eyes of a riverboat gambler. And, unforgettably, there was the physically prodigious Earl of Shankham ("Don't call me no Oil—I'm Junior, see?"), former wrestler and teddy-bear stuffer. (Junior's wistfulness for nursery-school pursuits extended to playing with toy trains and chewing bubble-gum. He tried shooting marbles with the local kids, but gave up, disillusioned, when he discovered they were playing for keeps.)

All of these presences served, on this or that occasion, as chorus-members, foils, adversaries, or co-plotters, for the boardinghouse's Juno and Paycock. Major Hoople, by the time I became aware of the comic strip in the '30s, had become the emblem and practically the main architectural feature of the place. It is difficult to realize that the Major was ever lanky (as illustrated in Coulton Waugh's *The Comics*), a decade before; even harder to comprehend that one time he was merely one more boor, and worthy butt, amid the satiric conventions perpetuated in this country by Clare Briggs and Thomas A. ("TAD") Dorgan and H.T. Webster and the non-pareil J.R. Williams. His later, heavy-weight metamorphosis owes a little to W.C. Fields, and probably, almost as much to J. Wellington Wimpy. But Gene Ahern's loving, dallying delineation of the Major was his alone; beginning with the turreted Turkish fez, with its drooping tassel; past the fatuous self-congratulation of the beady-bleary eyes, around the regal bulb of the nose and the twin promontories of the chins; down, down, down over ledge after ledge of vest-wrinkle and natural jut of that splendid Gothic pile which unites his chest with his beer-belly.

Here, I must interject that, although I have been referring to the Hooples and their menage as though their names and appointments remained intact for most of their careers, this is not strictly so. About the middle of the '30s, William Randolph Hearst and King Features acquired the services of Gene Ahern, but not the rights to the title and characters of *Our Boarding House*. So, devotees of the Hooples were faced with the anomaly of the man responsible for the

EGAD, THE VERY IDEA! SUCH BRAZEN NERVE AND EFFRONTERY! YOU A MERE DEPUTY SHERIFF, RATING YOURSELF HIGHER AND SUPERIOR TO ME, A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE!! FAUGH, HAVE YOU NO SENSE OF PROPORTION? A DEPUTY SHERIFF, HMF! FURTHERM... EH, WHAT'S THIS? WEARING MY BEST SHIRT TO ARGUE WITH ME!!! WELL-
YOU SEEM TO FORGET THAT I'M TH' BABY OF TH' FAMILY! FIVE YEARS YOUNGER THAN YOU, AN' I COULD SPELL YOU DOWN ALL THRU GRADE SCHOOL! BESIDES THAT, YOU OWE A LOT TO ME AMOS, I PULLED YOU OUT OF A MILL POND ONCE, AN' YOU HAD ON MY SKATES! PAPA ALWAYS SAID OF ME, "AYE, THERE'S A LAD"! BE CAREFUL! NO ORDINARY JUSTICE CAN SASS A BIG CITY DEPUTY!!
GENE AHERN
1-24-29
© 1927 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.
THE HOOPLE BOYS

HERE, SON, TAKE TH' OARS! I'VE BEEN BARGING YOU AROUND FOR TH' LAST HOUR! THIS'LL DO YOU GOOD WORK SOME OF TH' FAT OFF YOUR EQUATOR! YOU LOOK A SIGHT LIKE ONE OF THEM SITTIN' CHINESE IDOLS! I'M GOIN' TO PUT YOU THROUGH A BUNCH OF EXERCISES AN' GET YOU IN SHAPE!
BUT, FATHER I HAVE BEEN WARNED AGAINST ATTEMPTING ANY PHYSICAL EFFORT, BY MY PHYSICIAN! YOU SEE IN THE BOER WAR, I WAS SERIOUSLY INJURED BY SHRAPNEL, IN THE REGION OF THE HEART YES UM-AH--TELL ME, FATHER HOW DID YOU COME TO MAKE YOUR MONEY?
Gene Ahern
LET'S TALK ABOUT MONEY, FATHER!
3-2

Hooples' corporate identity and vitality, transferring his talents to a near-duplicate of the boardinghouse and its inmates, while the comic he had originated was continued, very competently indeed, by the NEA Service. Ahern's transplanted strip was called *Room and Board*; the Hooples became the Puffles, with the Major now the Judge. These changes proved, at best, unsalubrious, and, at worst, annoying, like the discovery that a former long-time girlfriend has gotten a totally superfluous nose job—which, in fact, was what befell the Major; his imperial beezer, in transit, was deflated to an unimposing snub nose (out of deference to the judiciary?) while, almost as devastating, his secondary regal symbol, the fez, was replaced by an assortment of sporty berets and tams. Martha (now Norah) was the chief casualty, however; she lost about 60 pounds of her bulk, thus relinquishing her look of buxom stoicism (and sibling-like complement to the Major) for the appearance of a harried drudge. Nevertheless, Ahern's cardinal virtues not only remained intact, but prospered.

Courtesy Tom Dombrowski

MAJOR AND JUDGE: When Gene Ahern left NEA for King Features Syndicate he created a similar feature, *Room and Board with Judge Puffle*, as Mr. Phelps discusses in the article. The names might be forgotten, but the fez was familiar. The original *Our Boarding House* debuted on Sept. 16, 1921, and Ahern drew it until 1936 (his first Hearst panel appeared on June 15, 1936); he was succeeded by Bela Zaboly. Zaboly drew it for two years, at which time he also went to King, to draw *Thimble Theatre*. In 1939 the team of Bill (Red) Braucher and Bill Freyse, writer and artist, continued the Major's tall tales. Later teams included Tom McCormick, writer (1958-1984); Tom Peoples and Phil Pastoret, Sunday writers (1958-1969 and 1969-1981, respectively); Freyse, who drew the feature until his death in 1969; Jim Branagart, artist (1969-1971); Les Carroll, artist (1971-1984). The last *Major Hoople* panel appeared on Dec. 22, 1984. While other cartoon characters created memorable phrases, Major Hoople is distinguished by the sound effects he bestowed—"A-HEM!" "Kaff! Kaff!" "Harumph!" "Br-zap!" "Egad!" "FAP!" "Faugh!"

In a universe of talkers, Hoople had a vocabulary to match his sumptuous profile; not of words only, but of exclamations and interjections—a steam-calliope-full of splutters and snorts and chortles. In addition to the ever-present and all-purpose "Egad!," I recall "Fap!," "Fawl," "Tush!," "Splitt!" (for grievous frustration), and "Hrummf—hakkaff!" which was a favorite of Arthur Godfrey, for some reason. Ahern is the only artist I can currently remember who invented a new punctuation mark, and one, at that, with its own personality: the sign ≶ to denote fuming bafflement.

Martha Hoople gave newly vivid meaning to the phrase "better half," for she resembled the Major enough to be his sister, as befits one hemisphere to another. Together, she—pragmatic, prosaic, and stoic—and he—lethargic, grandiloquent, and fantastical—made up a quite compact world. And her character so imprinted her physical traits that she could not have been mistaken for the Major had she put on his fez and vest and striped trousers. Her double-chin was a flying-buttress; the line of her mouth, a bow-string resolution. Her nose was smaller, in keeping with her responsible role; her aproned bulk was stout in every sense, where his was fat.

Theirs was actually one of the happiest marriages I recall from American comic strips—especially those of the '30s, with that miasma of ever-more-viperish hectoring and needling which infected so many of the even secondarily domestic strips, like *Barney Google* or *The Katzenjammer Kids*, and reached its nadir in the '40s *Blondie*-plagiarisms, *Dotty Dripple* and *The Berries*. Compared with any of these, how gallant and even sweet seems the Hoople households' motif of simply putting up with one another—this of course, with all Martha's salutations to her husband of: "You big barn owl!" and occasional brandishings of her rolling-pin; or with all the Major's orchestral mutterings about how it's a throwback to the feudal times, split—hak-kaff!—when he is run to earth long enough to be set raking leaves or washing dishes.

The peculiar, unobtrusively charming harmonies of *Our Boarding House* went considerably deeper than the Hoople marriage theme. For, in Gene Ahern's hands, it was all about the theme, not so common as one might suppose, of the interdependence of realism and fantasy, with neither ultimately prevailing or being given preference; each, rather, needing and supporting and furthering the other. The quotidien dowdiness of *Our Boarding House* was, as I have noted before, under recurrent assault, mainly whenever the inhabitants opened their mouths. For out of unwieldy, if beguilingly candid-looking drawing, Ahern delivered a sinuous, gleaming freshet of dialogue—the partial legacy of TAD's dapper, tight wisecracking in *Indoor Sports* and *Silk*

Hat Harry's Divorce Suit; and of Raymond Chandler's tropical-worsted phrases and *bons mots*. It was a river at which every member of Hoople House dipped his tin cup. The Major's larcenous brother Robin unblinkingly announces that one of his sure things "finished behind the track-sweeper." "I'll wilt his ears!" promises the outraged Neighbor Morgan; while Aunt Clara informs a would-be pianist that "There are 85 keys in that piano besides the three you're annoying!"

Ahern, its seems to me, had an impeccable understanding of wit as, essentially, an effort to be extraordinarily precise under pressure. And apart from the quips and digs—which, for bettter or worse, had become common in American comic strips by the 1930s—the Ahern dialogue was a conduit of the characters' *sub rosa* fantasy lives. When Aunt Clara recommends to Mr. Morgan that he ask the zoo to rent him a beaver (to saw down the Dali-esque fence carpentered by the Major) you feel that she would be ready to call the zoo herself, or at very least wishes that she might be.

One of the unremitting beauties of *Our Boarding House* was Ahern's shuffling, in his various characters, of child-like reverie and sophistication. Two of the strip's most knowing figures, surely (I say "strip" advisedly here; for generally, they appeared on Sundays, when *Our Boarding House* ran about 12 panels) were the Major's nephew, Alvin, with his moon-face, naive cowlick, and quizzical stare, suspiciously like Boarder Buster's; and his smart-alec pal, Leander (more burly than Alvin, with a bullet-head, Brillo-pad poll, and frog-mouth with which he would announce his role in the strip by regularly addressing the Major as "Uncle Bulgy—I mean, Amos"). I can remember dimly when Alvin seemed wholeheartedly to accept the Major's yarns about charming Bengal tigers by singing "The Last Rose of Summer" in his peerless baritone or, as the pride of Scotland Yard, uncovering espionage agents working out of a fish-and-chip house by passing code messages through the alphabet soup. Still, Alvin's diplomatic powers may have ripened even then; later on, he makes less secret of his skepticism and, at times, boredom. Yet, Alvin, and Leander, too, in his more saturnine way, show the type of common-worldly kindliness toward Alvin's uncle—more than indulgence, really—that the household shares, because they realize that his nonsense is basic to their lives beyond any mere need. It was more than Romance the Major embodied; romance, for me, always implies a hierarchal choice, being presumably "superior" to reality. What the Major supplied was fantasy indigenous to reality, a dimension of reality. The most case-hardened boarders would find themselves investing in the most unworldly commodities—like the magpie whose single utterance, supposed to guarantee astronomic success, was: "Use Sand-Blast Toothpaste!"

This impounded fantasy of the Sunday *Our Boarding House* featured not only the Major's opulent tall tales, fully illustrated, but Gene Ahern's companion strips: the surrealist jubilees, The Nut Brothers, and, over Judge Puffle's *Room and Board, The Squirrel Cage.* Like certain other notable "secondary" comic strips—for example, Chic (*Blondie*) Young's slapstick ballet, *Colonel Potterby and the Duchess—The Squirrel Cage* distilled the shaggier impulses of its author, like a kind of satyr-play. They were the most out-and-out surreal comic strips I can recall, barring possibly *Krazy Kat*, or Lyonel Feininger's *The Kin Der Kids*. From one panel to the next, not only would the landscape shift with demented virtuosity, but the costumes and very persons of the two principals: the Nut Brothers, Ches, with his blond topknot, and Wal, with his flat head and scrubby mustache. They would disport themselves in 1890s bathing suits, admirals' uniforms, the burnooses of bedouin sheiks; or appear with their heads emerging from giant turnips, barber poles, or hammers and nails. Strangest and most engaging of all, the daft volatility of the top strips was, somehow or other, dominated by the aridly deadpan tone of a Hoople boarder wondering whether dinner would be a rerun of last Sunday's lamb.

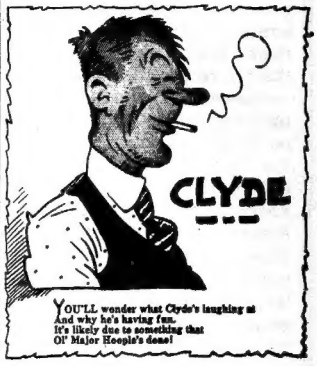
The emblematic figure of *The Squirrel Cage*—emblematic even of a shabby sweetness and wistful lunacy, not only of *Our Boarding House*, but of those '30s during which it flourished—was neither Ches nor Wal Nut. He first appeared as an adjunct of one of those dream-like highways which, indeed, might have figured in the dreams of the Hooples' tenants. He was a hitchhiker, wearing a red beret, ankle-length black overcoat, and apron of white beard; and he stood in the approved hitchhiking position, with canted thumb; but what came out of his mouth was not the approved phrase, "Going my way?" but the never-translated and, patently, untranslatable inquiry/comment/appeal: "Nov shmoz ka pop?" So popular did this hitchhiker become that, for a little while, around 1938, he became the virtual protagonist of *The Squirrel Cage*, which gradually moved from surrealism into Oz-like whimsy; and his dialogue was augmented by a few no less cryptic phrases. I have no memory or notion of whether he ever got his ride, or of where it took him; but if he did, there is no doubt about where he stopped over.

MARTHA!
WELL, WELL, WELL - BLESS YOUR HEART!
AMOS!
OH DEAR OH DEAR OH DEAR!
LAND ALIVE! IT'S MRS. HOOPLE'S HUSBAND WHO HAS BEEN GONE NIGH ON TEN YEARS!
IS THAT UNCLE AMOS, AUNTY?
MRS. HOOPLE'S GLOBE TROTTING HUSBAND COMES BACK HOME!

ENTER THE MAJOR—Four months after the panel's inception, the indefatigable Maj. Amos Hoople made his entrance (seen in this panel from the Cleveland Press Humor Page on Jan. 22, 1922).

COMIC SCRAP BOOK

IT'S always nice to see a smile. That's why we are giving you Clyde's picture today. We caught him right in the middle of a wide-spread grin. Cut the sketch out and paste it in your Comic Scrapbook and then watch for other pictures of your favorite comic characters.

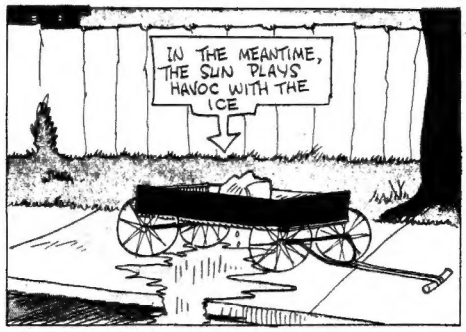


OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By Ahern

I CAN'T GET AN ICE DELIVERY TODAY, SO YOU GO OVER TO THE ICE DEPOT ON HARPER AVENUE AND GET ME FIFTY POUNDS OF ICE!
OH DRAT IT!
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

AND SO, FOR AN HOUR
— WHO PAID THE TAXES ON IT BEFORE? — WHY, WE DID! — NOW I SAY, SINCE THEY HAVE THEIR WAY, LET THEM PAY TAXES TO KEEP IT THE WAY IT IS! FURTHERMORE — ETC — ETC.

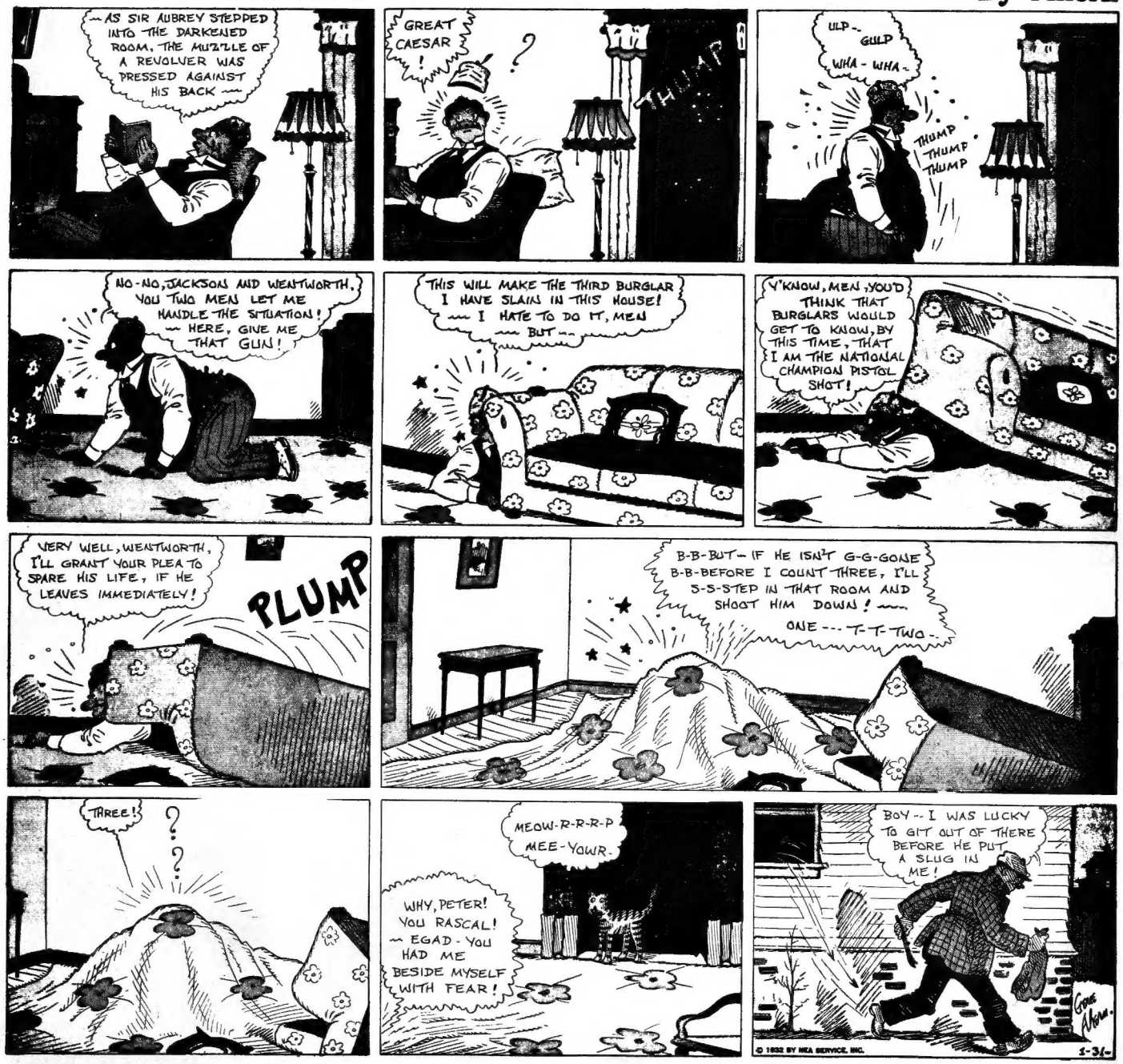


WHAT! YOU CALL THAT FIFTY POUNDS OF ICE?
WHY AH—ULP—HAVEN'T YOU HEARD, M'DEAR? — THIS IS A NEW KIND OF ICE THEY'RE MAKING! — TEN TIMES COLDER THAN THE OLD KIND! — CONSEQUENTLY, IT COMES IN A SMALLER CAKE!

CHES AND WAL NUT!
TWELVE BURGLARS BROKE INTO MY HOUSE LAST NIGHT! — NOBODY WAS IN, BUT THE BURGLARS WERE BADLY BEATEN UP!
I'LL BITE, AS THE LION SAID TO THE GAZELLE — HOW WERE THE TWELVE BURGLARS BADLY BEATEN UP, WHEN THE HOUSE WAS EMPTY?
WELL — THE CLOCK STRUCK THREE — THE RUG FLOORED ANOTHER — THE DOOR SLAMMED A BIG ONE — THE GARTERS SOCKED A COUPLE OTHERS —
THE THERMOMETER DROPPED TWO MORE — THE BED LAID OUT ANOTHER — AND THE COFFEE BEANED THE LAST TWO!
BULLA BULLA!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By Ahern


— AS SIR AUBREY STEPPED INTO THE DARKENED ROOM, THE MUZZLE OF A REVOLVER WAS PRESSED AGAINST HIS BACK —
GREAT CAESAR!
?
THUMP
ULP — GULP
WHA - WHA —
THUMP THUMP THUMP
NO-NO, JACKSON AND WENTWORTH, YOU TWO MEN LET ME HANDLE THE SITUATION! — HERE, GIVE ME THAT GUN!
THIS WILL MAKE THE THIRD BURGLAR I HAVE SLAIN IN THIS HOUSE! — I HATE TO DO IT, MEN — BUT —
Y'KNOW, MEN, YOU'D THINK THAT BURGLARS WOULD GET TO KNOW, BY THIS TIME, THAT I AM THE NATIONAL CHAMPION PISTOL SHOT!
VERY WELL, WENTWORTH, I'LL GRANT YOUR PLEA TO SPARE HIS LIFE, IF HE LEAVES IMMEDIATELY!
PLUMP
B-B-BUT — IF HE ISN'T G-G-GONE B-B-BEFORE I COUNT THREE, I'LL S-S-STEP IN THAT ROOM AND SHOOT HIM DOWN! — ONE --- T-T-TWO —
THREE!
? ? ?
MEOW-R-R-R-P MEE-YOWR.
WHY, PETER! YOU RASCAL! — EGAD - YOU HAD ME BESIDE MYSELF WITH FEAR!
BOY — I WAS LUCKY TO GIT OUT OF THERE BEFORE HE PUT A SLUG IN ME!
Gene Ahern
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1-31-

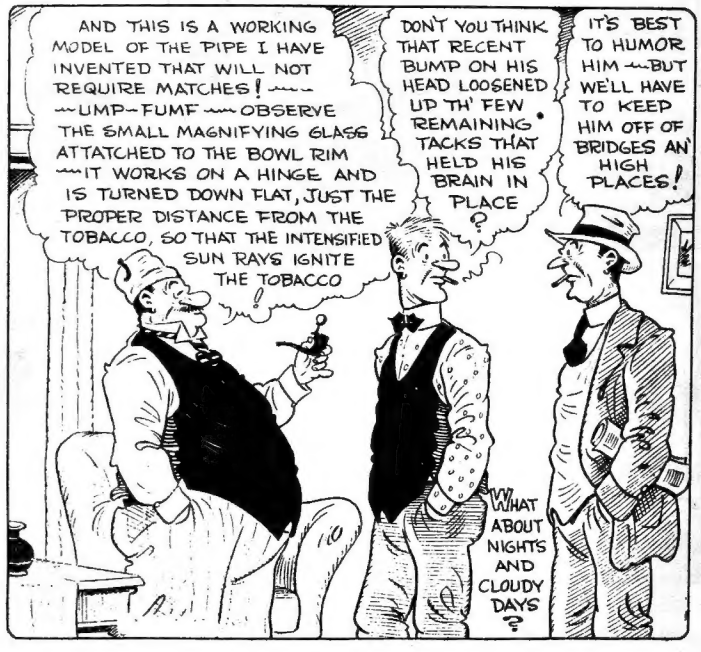
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ALL TH' HATS — PASS 'EM? ANYTIME I SEE YOU WITH A HAT IN YOUR HAND, I EXPECT YOU TO TAKE UP A COLLECTION!
WELL, SINCE YOU MUST KNOW, I AM GOING TO USE THESE OLD CHAPEAUX TO DEMONSTRATE MY LATEST INVENTION — WHICH I WILL DISCLOSE IN A FEW DAYS!
YOU'VE BEEN TALKING THRU YOUR HAT FOR TH' LAST FORTY YEARS — SO I S'POSE YOU'RE PUTTING ONE ON TH' MARKET WITH A LOUD SPEAKER IN IT!
WHAT HAVE HATS TO DO WITH HIS INVENTION?

NO! — I DON'T WANT TO SEE HOW YOUR HAIR-COMBING HAT WORKS! — EVERYBODY IN THE HOUSE IS LAUGHING UP THEIR SLEEVES ABOUT IT — AND SAYING YOU'RE AS CRACKED AS CHICKEN CORN! — JUST KEEP IT UP AND IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE THEY'LL BE CHASING YOU WITH A NET!
HMF - INDEED! — UM — THEY SCOFFED AT FULTON AND HIS STEAMBOAT! — VERY WELL! — ONE OF THESE DAYS THE HORN OF PLENTY WILL FLOW INTO MY LAP THRU MY INVENTIONS, AND I WILL
OWF — UMP — SPUTT — SPUTT
OH BAH!!
ALL GREAT MEN GET THAT, MAJOR!
3-25

WELL, LADS — HERE IS THE PREMIER SHOWING OF MY INVENTION — "THE HOOPLE HAIR COMBING HAT!" — NOTICE INSIDE THE HAT! ATTACHED TO THE BAND IS A HALF CIRCULAR COMB — THE HAT IS PUT ON A GENTLEMAN'S HEAD SO THAT THE COMB TEETH SET IN THE HAIRLINE OF HIS FOREHEAD — WHEN REMOVING HIS HAT, HE DRAWS IT IN A BACKWARD MOTION, THEREBY COMBING HIS HAIR, GIVING IT A NEAT AND DRESSED APPEARANCE!
YEP! — I'M THINKING WHAT YOU'RE THINKING! — HE'S RIPE FOR A NAPOLEON HAT!
TAP TAP
HATS OFF TO HIM!!
3-23

FAUGH! — DRAT THEM, IN THIS HOUSE! — LAUGHING, TO SCORN MY GREAT HAIR-COMBING HAT INVENTION — HMF — I'LL HAVE MY DAY, EGAD! — I'LL SELL THE PATENT TO A HAT MANUFACTURER FOR A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS — THEN, BY JOVE, I WILL SNUB THEM ROYALLY! HAW — A QUARTER OF MILLION DOLLARS — HM-M-
UH — SKOOZ ME, MISTAH MAJAH — TH' TAILOR SAYS HE CAN'T MATCH TH' SAME CLOFF FO' TO PATCH YO' PANTS, BUT HE SAYS IT WON'T SHOW, EF YO' WEARS YO' SENATOR'S COAT! —
OR AT LEAST $200,000.
3-26

— NO MORE WILL A GENTLEMAN, WHEN REMOVING HIS HAT, HAVE TO RESORT TO A POCKET COMB TO TIDY HIS HAIR — NO SIR, EGAD — WITH THE HOOPLE HAIR-COMBING HAT, HAVING A HALF CIRCULAR COMB ATTACHED INSIDE ON THE HAT-BAND, ONE MERELY REMOVES THE HAT WITH A BACKWARD MOTION, THUSLY, AND THE HAIR IS COMBED!
NUTTY AS A PECAN ROLL! YOU OUGHT TO MAKE Y'SELF A HAT WITH A CUCKOO DOOR IN IT!
THAT WORKS ALL RIGHT WITH YOUR POLICE CHASE HAIR — BUT WHAT ABOUT TH' GUY WHO COMBS HIS WIG WITH A SIDE PART?
GENIUS ON THE HALF SHELL
3-24


AND THIS IS A WORKING MODEL OF THE PIPE I HAVE INVENTED THAT WILL NOT REQUIRE MATCHES! — — UMP - FUMF — OBSERVE THE SMALL MAGNIFYING GLASS ATTATCHED TO THE BOWL RIM — IT WORKS ON A HINGE AND IS TURNED DOWN FLAT, JUST THE PROPER DISTANCE FROM THE TOBACCO, SO THAT THE INTENSIFIED SUN RAYS IGNITE THE TOBACCO
DON'T YOU THINK THAT RECENT BUMP ON HIS HEAD LOOSENED UP TH' FEW REMAINING TACKS THAT HELD HIS BRAIN IN PLACE?
IT'S BEST TO HUMOR HIM — BUT WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP HIM OFF OF BRIDGES AN' HIGH PLACES!
WHAT ABOUT NIGHTS AND CLOUDY DAYS?